"E SECOND DELUGE" A WONDERFUL STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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# E WIZARD OF THE WAVES;

## Or,

## The Black Flag Privateer.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.

'ERRIBLE SEA CHASE.

from its query from the blue
he Mexican gulf, and its easy
e graceful masts and spars of
the brigantine of war, dashing
w under easy canvas, urged by
breeze.

the vessel partook of the dou-
ter of schooner and brig, for the
ress of the latter construction,
ff a mainmast, carried simply
and main topsail.
e hull, armed with a battery
to the top of the tapering
ourne was a model of symmetry,
ty, and was certainly a
her commander and crew
y proud.
sudden rang forth the cry of
as the rising sun dispelled a
that had hung over the waters,
while the decks, which had
by the watch on duty, be-
r lively with officers and men,
always cheerful cry to a sea-
from their berths and ham-

half distant to leeward, and
nder mainsail, foresail and
, saucy-looking schooners,
re considered as bent on
descried, and it was evident
rom her long, sharp hull, low
r, and raking spars carrying
was, not to speak of her open
ing four guns to a broadside,
as either an American cruiser,

ght of the schooner there came
om the brigantine's commander,
g man of fifty, possessing an
m, dignified bearing, and wear-
oke, which, like his hair, was as
w contrasting well with his
d face.
our colors, Mr. Woodbridge, and
ot across that fellow's forefoot."
e, sir," answered the first lieu-
andsome young man, with a
-and-easy manner, and won-
ester in his whole appearance.
ely there came a boom from the
er, an ominous-looking forty-two-
and at the same time a round ball
g was hauled up to the peak, and
ken out to the breeze, displayed
s of the American Republic.
wer, the red banner of the Cartha-
rose to the schooner's main peak,
hout the salute of a gun, and Cap-
dwin Ramelle, the gallant command-
the American brigantine of war, Sen-
ldt.

I thought; under the flag of the
lans that fellow hides his pirate
feels that he cannot stand a
rant, and is about to take French
e has a swift craft at his heels."
n, the schooner, after showing
had immediately run up her
flying jib and was soon plough-
ough the rough waves at a tremen-
ate of speed.
oodbridge, we must be after the
the capture of yonder craft will
addition to Uncle Sam's navy, in
that is now breaking forth," cried
Ramelle, and the brigantine was
towards the schooner, and imme-
y came rigged in her full set of can-
with breeze off the stern quarter,
white waters the two vessels aped.
ner almost imperceptibly drawing
ay, but so slowly as not
ninish, a cable's length in an hour.
on board the cruiser felt cer-
overhauling her, as the wind in-
and sea became more violent, for
had the advantage of being
de of the swiftly flying privateer,
as the case might be, for under
organized government of Cartha-
re were a number of fleet crafts
ying upon the merchant marine
tions and claiming protection for
ades sets under the name or priva-
ing a national flag.
There came a deep and startling crash of heavy artillery, a wild shrieking of iron rushing through the air, a shower of spray, as the terrible messenger struck the waves and sunk from sight only a few feet from the brigantine's stern.

With surprise all eyes, officers and seamen, glanced astern, and with dismay discovered, crowding on in full chase, a large frigate, bending gracefully under an immense quantity or canvas, and showing a wall of white foam before her.

"By Jupiter, it's an Englishman—the bitter-bitten, as I'm a sinner!" cried Chester Woodbridge, and as he turned to await his commander's orders.

"You are right, it is an English ship of the line, and he's after us, that's certain; and if the brigantine does not show him a better pair of heels, he'll have us," answered Captain Ramelle, lowering his glass, and then, turning to his lieutenant, he ordered more sail set.

"There comes another shot forward there! For every gun fired at us give the schooner one from the bow-chaser, for in watching that nimble scamp we were caught napping, Woodbridge!"

"Yes, Captain!"

"That fog bank concealed the Englishman from us; but he must have late news, or he'd not open on us in this way, for war had not been declared when we left port."

"True, sir, but both navies knew that it is inevitable, and doubtless yonder arrogant Englishman is willing to anticipate hostilities between the two countries, when he thinks he can capture by it a trim-looking brigantine and a rakish schooner, both of which will be of great service to his government in these waters," returned the lieutenant.

"You are right, doubtless; but, see, the pirate is adding more canvas, although that he carries threatens to run him under with all standing; he is leaving us, Mr. Woodbridge, and you see the frigate is creeping up; we must make the Sentinel bear more canvas."

"Aye, aye, sir; all hands to set more sail," cried the Lieutenant, and soon it became evident that the brigantine was once more holding her own with the schooner, and that both were slightly gaining upon the Englishman.

It was at a time just prior to the breaking out of the second war between the United States and Great Britain, and it was no wonder that there was considerable anxiety felt by Captain Ramelle and his officers about the safety of their vessel, for, if captured, they felt it might be their fate to linger in an English prison for years, and to contest with their powerful adversary, they knew would be worse than madness.

Thus the chase continued, all three vessels carrying clouds of canvas, the schooner leading in silence, for she returned no shot from her guns, while, half a league astern, came the brigantine in full pursuit, firing from her bow guns upon the Carthaginian,

"Rafael the corsair stands before you."

and from her stern guns at the lordly frigate, a league in her wake, which in turn was keeping up a rapid fire upon the Americans.

It was a grandly beautiful sight, and though the officers of the brigantine felt

their danger, they could not but admire the exciting chase o'er the blue waters of the gulf.

Through the long hours of the day the chase continued, and then the distant land came in sight, the shores of Louisiana, for the schooner had led in the direction of the coast, as if hoping to find in its bayous and bays some safe refuge from her enemies.

But, as the day drew near its close and the land opened up more directly, the breeze, which had been fresh from the southward, gradually died away, until at sunset it had entirely gone, and not the slightest ripple stirred the surface of the waters, and the three vessels lay becalmed, the schooner, which had held the wind the longest, about half a mile from the shore, and some two miles from the brigantine, astern of which lay the frigate, a league distant, all three of them rolling with the swell, and still, with all sail set, awaiting the slightest breath of air to bear them on, in flight and pursuit.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON BOARD THE BRIGANTINE.

It was one of those balmy, hazy evenings peculiar to the Southern clime, when all from inland waft the fragrance of the foliage, for the shores of southern Louisiana were distinctly visible from even the frigate's deck, and officers and men were indulging in a quiet, restful hour, under the influence of the hour, and lazily gazing out over the waters, watching the idle roll of each vessel, and hoping for a breeze, if only so light, to bear them on, either in flight or chase.

The decks of the trim little brigantine presented a lively scene, for their crews were laughing and chatting over the long day's chase, while extolling the fine manner in which the little schooner had been handled, and the skill displayed on her through the rough seas under her clouds of canvas, and in spite of the damage done her spars and sails by the shots of the American; also, the plucky brigantine came in for her share of praise, for her sea-worthy qualities, and remarkable speed were greatly admired by the crew of the frigate, which was one of the fastest vessels afloat in the English navy, and it was expected that the vessels would overhaul both the American and Carthaginian.

Upon the schooner, however, as twilight came on, there was nothing but a single soul, for from the forecastle to the tow stern, the decks appeared entirely deserted, to those who gazed upon them from the rigging of the brigantine and frigate, and the beautiful vessel looked lovely in the dead calm that pervaded over all.

"Like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The fore topmast of the schooner had been shot away, and numerous marks of the iron hail that had been showered upon her, cutting away the woodwork and ridding her sails, attested the accuracy of the aim of the gunners which, however, had not escaped, unscathed, the fire of the frigate, as shot and shell had passed through several rope here and there fully proved, for not once had the Carthaginian returned the frantic compliments of her foe, for in the great surprise of Captain Ramelle and his officers found on the schooner for this strange freak on the part of the pirate commander.

As twilight crept slowly over the sea, each moment drawing the circle of light nearer and nearer the vessels, shutting distant objects, there suddenly appeared upon the decks of the brigantine a perfect vision of beauty, in the person of a young girl of apparently eighteen.

As she stepped from the cabin and walked towards Captain Ramelle, who was idly smoking and watching the now almost indistinct schooner, which was remarkable brightening up among the young officers on the deck, and received a gold-lace cap raised with gallantry, salutes which the maiden returned with a smile, a bow, or a kind word.

"What! my daughter, you have come up to have a peep at the ship?" said Captain Ramelle, turning and greeting the young girl affectionately.

"Yes, father, I could not longer hide in the cabin and lose the beauty of this twilight hour, with the music of the tones singularly rich and melodious, while she cast her heavenly blue eyes around upon the various groups with girlish curiosity, letting them rest for a moment upon the group of young officers standing or lounging on the guns amidships.

That Ruby Ramelle was beautiful none would dispute, and that the perfect grace of form and loveliness of face were matched by her youthful years, prudence, purity, and a naivete of manner, all would admit, as well as that she was beloved by everyone in the entire vessel, for each of the bachelor officers with a regard verging strongly toward the sentimental.

Upon the shores of the Chesspeake Ruby Ramelle had lived with her mother upon a plantation, situated now and then by her father, whose days were passed upon the ocean in the naval service of his country, for Captain Ramelle had descended from a family of warriors, and, when a mere boy had entered the navy of his native France, and found a home in Maryland.

When Ruby was in her eighteenth year her mother died suddenly and the poor girl was left desolate, until the return of her father from a foreign cruise, when she at once urged to be allowed to accompany him on his voyage.

Captain Ramelle had just been ordered to the command of the brigantine, with instructions to cruise in the gulf, and sorrowing deeply for his lost wife, he was only too happy to have his daughter go with him in his beautiful vessel, and thus it was that the reader finds her on board the Sentinel, which had been her sea home for nearly a year, when the chase after the schooner occurred.

"We have had an exciting day of it, Ruby," continued Captain Ramelle, placing his arm around the maiden's waist and drawing her aside with him.

"Yes, sir; but where is the little vessel you have been chasing, and——"

"Yonder; you can see her tapering masts, and astern of us is the frigate; yes, we had a hot day of it, but when night comes on, if we have no breeze, I will send the boats out and take the schooner by boarding."

"Yes, father, but may the frigate not send her boats to board the brigantine?"

"By Jove, child, you are a chip of a seamen's daughter; but, no, she is too deep to come much nearer in shore, if she has a breeze, and it is too far off for her to send her boats on an enemy's coast. Mr. Woolbridge,"

"Yes, sir."

"Have the barge and the first and second cutters called away, as soon as it gets dark, and take with you seventy-five men, to carry the schooner by boarding."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the handsome lieutenant, turning his most fascinating smile upon Ruby.

"I will get the launch and gig out, after you are off and tow the brigantine slowly in your wake."

"Yes, sir; I will start at once, for the schooner cannot observe us, and, gaining that cap, he went forward to his duties, and in half an hour more the boats left the side of the brigantine, and with muffled oars silently rowed over the waters in the direction of the schooner, which was the two remaining boats ahead with tow-lines, the Sentinel began to move slowly through the sea, following in the same course taken by Lieutenant Woodbridge and his party of gallant boarders.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

The boats had been gone from the brigantine for nearly an hour, and Captain Ramelle, who was pacing the quarter-deck, with Ruby leaning upon his arm, was wondering why he had not heard the noise of attack, when an exclamation from the quartermaster at the wheel caused him to turn suddenly around, and behold before him the last person he expected, who, without giving him time to speak, said in a voice deep and somewhat stern:

"Do I address Captain Ramelle of the brigantine?"

"I am Captain Ramelle, sir, but can I ask how in the name of Neptune you got on board my vessel?"

"I came over the stern, sir, and I would suggest, if you will pardon me for so doing, that a vessel, in these waters, must keep a sharp lookout, should keep a better watch; but I would speak with you, sir, can I see you in the cabin alone?"

Both Captain Ramelle and Ruby gazed upon the strange visitor in surprise, and quietly stepped before them, and then stepping to the stern of his vessel, the commander gazed in the direction of the schooner, resting there, in which there were two occupants.

"Mr. Spaulding, be good enough to keep your eye upon this boat astern, sir, and also see that your men are on the alert for this Captain Ramelle turned to the officer next in rank after Lieutenant Woodbridge.

"Now, sir, I know what you have to say if you will follow me; yes, Ruby, you can come, my child," and leading the way, Captain descended into the cabin, which was large and most luxuriously furnished for a vessel of her class, Ruby had had much to do with its equipment.

The gentleman entered, and bowed his hand to aid Ruby, and when he stood in the full glare of the cabin lamp both the maiden and her father were remarkably with curiosity upon the man who had so mysteriously come on board.

He was a man of twenty-five, with clear, dark eyes, and a countenance in which every feature was perfect, a broad, broad, intellectual forehead, around which clustered brown hair, a full, dark beard, shaded by a black mustache, and the full and decided chin, indicative of both determination and firmness.

The face was browned to the hue of an Indian's and his form was clothed in a dark hair and eyes, a decidedly Spanish look, but still he spoke English without the slightest accent.

Added to his strikingly handsome face, his form was one of perfect symmetry, being nearly six feet in height, and as yielding and graceful as a woman's while his hands, one of which he had ungloved, were delicately shaped, and the feet, encased in handsome, neat-fitting boots, were small and with high arched instep.

He was clad in a pair of white cloth pants, and a blue jacket, with gold lace and olive-green velvet jacket, profusely trimmed with silver lace on the sleeves, and a broad, rolling collar of a white silk shirt, beautifully embroidered, turned down over it, was a silver net cut small, tied in sailor knot fashion, a sash of like material encircled the slender waist, and from the left fell two gold tassels and a diamond-hilted rapier.

In his left hand he held the glove of his right, and a cloth naval cap, encircled by a silver cord, and with an anchor device upon the crown, and a gold, while upon the left breast of his jacket was worked in red silk and gold cord, a fantastic figure, resembling a dragon, a monster the tail of a serpent and a body such as to suggest that nature is represented to possess, with his flaming eyes, curved horns and hideous face, with grinning teeth and forked tongue.

Almost rudely Captain Ramelle and Ruby gazed at this remarkable man, his appearance each moment awakening in them a deeper interest, for there was something in the sad, though stern face, and his quiet, polished manners, that drew them towards him in spite of themselves.

"Be seated, sir, and explain, please, the object of your coming here," said the American, not without marked deference in his tones.

"Captain Ramelle, I have come to warn you, sir, that even now your enemies are preparing to board you from the frigate," quietly answered the stranger.

"Ha! say you so!"

"It is true, sir, for not half an hour ago I rowed under the stern of the frigate and heard the order given to clear away the boats, to start by ten o'clock to capture your brigantine."

"You were near the frigate and heard the order, and now you are in my cabin! In the name of heaven, who are you?"

"I am the commander of the schooner you have been in chase of," answered the stranger, while a quiet smile hovered about his mouth, as he caught the looks on the face of his listeners.

"By Jove, I half thought so; but what made you reckless enough to come on board of me?"

"So save your vessel, I came, Captain Ramelle, for your guns did me much damage and stained my decks with the blood of my crew. I did not return your fire, for I cared not to insult the only flag I ever loved."

"It is true, sir, and we wondered at your silence; you are a strange man and I am sorry that the same on board the brigantine, for you must know that I hold you a prisoner, and in a short while your swift schooner will be taken by my men."

The stranger laughed lightly, a pleasant, boyish laugh, and his eyes sparkled merrily as he replied:

"Captain Ramelle, your boats are doubtless now in flames, for my schooner is safe long ere this—hark!"

The quick ear of the schooner's commander had caught the sound of an oar-blade striking the water, and he rose to his feet, and Ruby, pale with fear, leaned upon the deck, and the next instant Lieutenant Woodbridge entered through the door, disappointment on his face, a look that changed to surprise when his eye fell upon the strange guest in the cabin.

"Well, Lieutenant," simply said Captain Ramelle.

"It is not well, sir; I searched everywhere for the schooner, but she had flown, where, or how I cannot imagine."

"It is better so, for you will need all your men soon; Captain Ramelle, let me again warn you that you have enemies, who, in less than an hour, will be upon you; let me entreat you earnestly."

"Lieutenant, this gentleman is the commander of the schooner, and ere you remove his handcuffs, assist in taking the vessel; also, he says that he has been under the guns of the frigate, and that they are meaning to carry the brigantine with their boats. I am disposed to put credence in his words, for he says he comes to save the love our flag, and has placed his neck in a noose to warn me. Is it not so, sir?"

Chester Woodbridge gazed into the handsome, frank face of the man before him, and said, thoughtfully:

"Trust him; shall I call the boats in and get the crew ready to repel boarders, sir?"

"Yes, sir, at once," was the reply.

"Will the Lieutenant pardon me if I suggest that the barges be loaded with grape, and has all his extra muskets and pistols loaded and along the bulwarks for, for I am sure the frigate's brigantine will be sent by the frigate tonight."

"Thank you, sir, and I will do as you suggest," and the Lieutenant left the cabin, while Captain Ramelle said:

"Sir, I am glad that you have thus befriended me, and if you are really a free rover——"

The stranger hesitated, flushed slightly, and his eyes turned sadly and met the gaze of Ruby, who, impulsively answering, himself, he asked:

"Hunt'ress, Captain, of Rafael, and the Sea-Wizard?"

"Heard of him? Heard of a man who has won the name of a human fiend, who, aided by necromancy and witchery, has caused half the seamen of the English navy to believe in the devil, and that he is a sea-wizard? Yes, indeed, have I heard of him, and I would be glad to see the villain brought to the yard arm of my brigantine."

"Captain Ramelle, I am the outcast, the corsair, the Sea-Wizard, stands before you!"

A startled cry came from Ruby and the Captain muttered something like an oath, but he exclaimed:

"Sir, you are not that man, that demon!"

"I am and I be that is called the Sea-Wizard, though, thank God, I am not all that men paint me. Captain Ramelle, now far away from the strife between England and America, you will find me, free rover that I am, ready and willing to lend aid the United States, and ere long you will find that Rafael, he who is called a pirate, has more than one English ensign lower at his command; but misfortune has overtaken me; my vessel was dismasted, is badly damaged by your shot; yet I know where there is another, a better or swifter craft, and ere another day dawns she shall bear my flag in these waters, even if I have to take her from the harbor of Havana where she is now at anchor."

"Captain Ramelle, we will meet again. Lady, I bid you adieu," and, bowing low, the strange man turned and ere the Americans could recover from their surprise, was badly damaged by your shot; yet I know where there is another, a better or swifter craft, and ere another day dawns she shall bear my flag in these waters, even if I have to take her from the harbor of Havana where she is now at anchor.

"Captain Ramelle, we will meet again. Lady, I bid you adieu," and, bowing low, the strange man turned and ere the Americans could recover from their surprise, was

"Ho, the deck!" cried Captain Ramelle, but Ruby sprang forward and cried:

"Father, father, let him go, please, for my sake, let him go. You will meet him again; perhaps he will be friendly, and you might him fairly, but now it would be cowardly to take a man prisoner who has trusted you, and who has saved you and you of danger."

"By Jove, you are right, but what a magnificent-looking fellow he is, and a mere boy in years; really, I cannot believe that that dashing young fellow can be Rafael."

"He has that in his face, father, that proves he spoke truly, but Mr. Woodbridge is coming."

Captain Ramelle kissed his daughter affectionately and went upon deck, to find that his strange visitor had descended into his boat, which at once had rowed away and disappeared in the darkness, and that

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Lieutenant Woodbridge had the men at the guns and all in readiness to meet the expected attack.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BOAT ATTACK.

Midnight approached, and yet the dead calm rested upon the scene, for not a breath of air was there to fill the sails.

And still the frigate's boats, but yet Captain Ramelle had not neglected a single act that might aid his defense, for somehow he felt a strange interest in the mysterious visitor, and could not shake off the belief that he had spoken the truth.

Ruby had retired to a place of safety, and with her frightened maid servant was silently awaiting the attack of the boats, the frigate's boats were certainly coming, she felt assured.

The hours came of intense darkness, for a heavy mist rested upon the waters, which prevented the moon and stars half the length of their vessel; but in silent expectancy, every man and officer at his post of duty, listened the while for the first sound forth of fury that ere long must come.

"Hark, Woodbridge, I hear a crash, as though two boats had come together," said Captain Ramelle, quietly.

"I heard it, too, sir, shall——"

"Yes; and it may put them off their guard, thinking it is only our boats."

"Boat ahoy!" hailed Chester Woodbridge loudly, and the answer was a deep hundred oars in the water, a gurgle of rapid rowing, and then three hearty English cheers from three boats.

"At your posts, men; aim well!" cried Captain Ramelle, and the next instant a perfect storm of grape came rushing upon the bow, either quarter of the three approaching boats, crowded with gallant tars.

Again and again the guns belched forth, and then the boats were upon them. They struck the brigantine's sides because of human beings, and hurled themselves upon her decks, in spite of fierce opposition, for, although they greatly outnumbered, notwithstanding the severe losses they had already suffered.

"Woodbridge, we must consolidate our forces, so come forward and rally amidships, while I support the rear deck!" cried the captain, his manner but his blood was fired.

"Aye, aye, sir," cheerily responded the gay Lieutenant, and he hurried forward, and the next instant his voice was heard, in tones that were like the din of battle:

"Americans! cut your way amidships and rally around your commander!"

A wild cheer answered, and in spite of the English having gained a firm foothold upon the fore part of the deck, made an inevitable rush; drove them over their decks, and in an instant the whole after part of their vessel, including the Englishmen in possession forward of the mainmast, was in the hands of the boarded, it became a matter of course, that Captain Ramelle thought he would be victorious; but he had not counted upon the overwhelming force of the frigate's boats, for now, with fresh and renewed energy and pluck.

Suddenly, however, there was heard the voice of the English officer commanding, a huge giant and a perfect demon with his sword!

"At them again, you English tars! Strike hear your colors, and your friends coming to your aid!"

It was but too true. A second expedition of boats had been sent to surprise the schooner, was returning successful, when they heard the unmistakable noise of combat, that their companions were having a hard time of it; so, with cheers they rowed to their aid and clambering over the bows, added hope and courage to their friends, driving back the handful of Americans in spite of their every effort.

Captain Ramelle believed that he had gone against him; in fact, he no longer resistance was but a useless one, so with a brave seamen, so with a brave was about to call for a cessation

combat, when there came a wild shout be-
[illegible] and a tall, manly figure dashed be-
[illegible] tones that thrilled all who heard

"Sea-Wizards, follow your chief! Down with the slaves of royalty!"

This thrilling story of old loves and wars in the Mexican Gulf will be continued next week. Many startling happenings appear in future chapters, and readers will be repaid for following the story to its close. Our free patterns and canvas are advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## A GOOD MAN'S LOVE.

I hated her. If ever her frank glances with suspicion and gave bitter answers to her sweet speeches. All in vain she sought to win my liking; many a kindly service she rendered me but I was always the same —stern, unbending, cold.

With every passing day Nellie grew prettier. I could not fail to see it, strive as I might to blind my eyes to the very obvious fact. Others saw it also, and among the many who did so was Julian Forrester, our near neighbor, the son of my father's oldest and most intimate friend.

He had always looked upon our house as his second home; but after my cousin, Eleanor Merton, left Ashcroft for us, his visits became even more frequent. Oh, how I hated Nellie, when I saw her sitting at her side about the garden paths, or bending over the piano as she played or sang.

I loved music with all my soul, but my playing was believed to be mechanical, and the gift of song was denied me. I had never longed to call it mine, until I discovered Julian's passion for music, until I became aware with advancing years. How sore was the pain at my heart when the two sang duets or love songs, seemingly quite oblivious of my presence.

Before Nellie's advent Julian had been content to play to me—contented to have me sitting near him, although the three sounds his string fingers drew from the instrument. Now it was all altered. Nellie played and sang for hours, and he listened like one in a happy dream, his blue eyes seeking her pretty face as she played.

Julian was of a quiet, reserved turn of mind, although unlike most of the young men about us. His education was a careful one, had been brilliant, and his scholastic friends had prophesied great things of his future; but for the last three years he had led the quiet life of study, assisting his father in the management of his estate.

The life he was now living suited Julian admirably. He was devoted to his kind, old father, and extremely fond of the country morning, he had plenty of time to devote to books and music.

I had no idea how much he was to me until Nellie came upon the scene. Having been accustomed to monopolize the lion's share of his attention, I had never crossed my mind that it might cease to be possible for me to do so.

Mother often used to say that he had given me his heart (that was before my cousin's arrival), but I did not feel any desire for the gift at that time, and was wont to reply: "Oh, I should never think of marrying Julian!" But my manner toward me became in the least degree lover-like, nine times out of ten I was conscious brusqueness.

Julian took a great fancy to Nellie the first time he saw her. He was not long in strange, she was so very bewitching and pretty, with her rose-pink cheeks and large shy eyes; and, when she smiled, two coaxing dimples came into play. Julian very often praised these same dimples, but I felt certain that he had a secret admiration for them, and it made me dislike Nellie the more.

Why should she make my life miserable? Why would she make my lover jealous of me? had I not known Julian more years than she had known him months? "If he really loved her he should never make her his wife." I said to myself, in my blind, foolish jealousy.

Julian seldom lingered by my side now. He had the chance to do so, for I avoided him as much as possible; but of course, he did not care; the only society he needed was Nellie's—so I thought.

It was the day before my twenty-third birthday, a mild damp afternoon in October. I was sitting in the veranda with my work when Julian came striding up the gravel path. How handsome he looked with the sunlight playing about his tall, symmetrical figure, and brightening his crisp, fair curls.

"How do you do, Kathleen? Can you tell me where Nellie is?"

"Indeed, I can't. I did not offer to go in search of my cousin.

"Wont you take cold working out here? These damp days are dangerous at this time of year."

"I don't think I shall catch cold. If I do, I shall have only myself to blame." I bent my head lower over my needlework, for I felt that he was watching me closely. He waited some minutes, as if hoping I should look up; then, finding it was not my intention to do so, he moved away.

Scarcely more than ten minutes had elapsed when I heard Nellie's merry, musical say laugh; five minutes more and they stood by my side.

"Anything we can do for you in the town, Kathleen?" Nellie asked. "Julian is going to drive me into Bridgeport, and says he may go. Isn't it kind of him? But he always is ready to do a kindly deed for any one."

The sweet, upward glance that accompanied the latter part of the speech, and Julian's answering smile, fairly maddened me.

"There is nothing you can do for me," I said shortly; and away they went.

[illegible] about six o'clock when they returned. I heard them laughing merrily as they up the path. Julian would not stay although mother went to the door, hard to persuade him to take tea

[illegible]

He, I expect you enjoyed your [illegible]," my father remarked, when we were gathered about the table; "and Julian looked in splendid health."

"Oh, I did enjoy the drive very much, Coralie went splendidly. Julian let me drive all the way."

My father made some laughing reply and I let my lips to keep back a sneering speech that would fain have escaped them.

Nellie had brought back a variety of songs from Pennleigh to "try over," she did so, later in the evening, and one parlicularly took her fancy. It had a simple but taking refrain, something about "true love lasting forever."

"Isn't it pretty, Kathleen, dear?" she asked, swinging around upon the music-stool. "I must sing it to Julian tomorrow, he will like it."

"Of course he will like it," I said, bitterly; "it will be a excellent way of showing him your sentiments."

Laughing discordantly, I closed my book and walked out. I knew Nellie started as if to come to me, her pretty face quivering painfully.

"Kathleen!" she cried; but I pretended not to hear.

I did not see her any more that evening; and when I came down the next morning one of the servants informed me that "Miss Nellie had gone for a walk."

"To meet Julian in one of the lanes, I suppose—funny she should go alone," I said myself. Before long the subject of my thoughts came in sight, Nellie walking upon her pretty cheeks, her hands full of lovely red and yellow roses.

"Good morning, dear Kathlie," she said, sweetly, "and every good wish for your birthday. Julian has just parted with his best wishes; he gathered them himself. Isn't it perfectly wonderful how long the roses last in the evenings? They are as beautiful as any summer blooms. Take them, dear."

With a sudden jerk I dashed them from her hands, so that they fell scattered in all directions.

"If Julian wished me to accept the flowers, he should have brought them himself," I cried, passionately. "not you. You have made them an excuse for meeting you. There, there is the violet by the fire, the fire, which you please, so long as they are beyond my sight."

Nellie did not say a word but I shall ever remember the pained expression in her soft, brown eyes as she stooped and picked the flowers from the room.

I hated her for her mean behavior; but that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave," and I did not pause to think.

When mother and dad came in I had to listen to their kind, tender words of birthday greeting, and to admire the handsome present of money. I thanked them warmly, but my heart was sore, for I thought of Nellie and Julian.

However, I felt sincerely ashamed of my cruel words when Nellie entered the room, all unfastened a square, brown paper package, and brought to light a volume of Browning's poems, "My birthday present, Kathlie. With best love, from Nellie." I thanked her with some confusion, for the feeling in my voice, when—after a rather long absence—she re-entered the breakfast room.

"Why, Kathlie, you look ill, even this morning. Your eyes look inflamed; I am afraid you have caught one of your bad colds coming," cried my mother.

"Oh, no, auntie," said Nellie, trying to laugh it off, "it is only a headache, that is all."

I felt terribly guilty, for I well knew that I had caused that "slight headache."

Before the morning was many hours old-Julian put in an appearance, and came up to my side with somewhat of his old eagerness.

"Many, many 'Happy returns of the day,' Kathleen. Will you accept this little token of my regard?"

I found the "token of my regard" consisted of a new edition of Tennyson.

"I couldn't think what to get," he exclaimed, as I attempted to thank him; "but Nellie chose this. I hope you like it, though it's part of her nature to think of every one before herself."

"Oh, fool! jealous, blind fool that I was—that little, kindly speech of Julian's made me feel more bitter than ever. I knew that I could no longer take pleasure in his gift. He had consulted Nellie about it—always Nellie!

"I shall come to tea, of course," he said, turning to include her also. "I have such a ways had tea here on Kathleen's birthday, so long as I can remember anything—excepting, of course, the last few days may be it's an impossibility."

"What a handsome fellow Julian is," said dad, watching the young man stride away. "It's a pity he has not a wife like each other, Kathleen, don't you? I thought at one time you would end up by being partners for life; but Nellie seems to be his favorite now, eh?"

Oh, my dear, kindly, unsuspicious father, what an unfortunate speech that was of yours, had you but known it.

[illegible]

I was reading in the dining room that afternoon, when Nellie came in, looking slightly troubled.

"Kathleen, uncle wants one of us to drive round the farm with him, Will you —do you care to go? I know it's very stupid of me, but I always feel afraid to be left with uncle. He objects so, always think he will run away. I don't mind Julian's horses half so much. Robin is such a big, determined old fellow, you see, and I say I am afraid of him, uncle only laughs at me."

If Nellie had not dragged Julian's name forward, I should have taken the drive she wished to avoid; but the name lashed my heart, and resolved to let her go.

It was about half-past four o'clock when I heard Wolf—our great watch-dog—making a tremendous noise, and then doors were flung open and a sound of voices became audible—voices evidently in a high state of excitement. I heard mother exclaim, sharply:

"How did it happen? Carry her to the dining room and put her on the sofa."

Then followed the tramp of heavy feet. I ran to set the door more widely open, and started back in horror at sight of the burden the men were carrying—Nellie, with a still, white face, and blood trickling sluggishly from a wound in her head.

"Father, how did it happen?" I exclaimed, as he came in with a face almost as colorless as Nellie's.

"That's more than I can tell you, Kathie. I left her in the Sandy Lane a few minutes back to-her, I walked across a turnip field to look at some sheep; I was on my way back to her, when I heard some one shouting to me to hurry, and when I came within sight of the lane I found quite a little crowd collected, and Julian must have been trying to quiet him. Anyhow, he had run the cart into the bank, and overturned it, throwing Nellie out. Fortunately, some of my men were close at hand, and they were able to stop Robin from damaging the cart or himself."

While my father was talking to me, mother and one of the maids had been doing their best to restore Nellie to consciousness, but, as yet, unsuccessfully.

"I do hope James will find the doctor at home," mother said. "I am so afraid the poor child is seriously hurt."

At that juncture I heard Julian's voice in the hall and hurried at once to see him, for the shock Nellie's accident would be to him. As soon as I caught sight of his face I knew that he loved her. I had known a thing about it, for he looked pale and anxious. But when he recognized me the warm blood surged into his cheeks.

"Why, Kathleen, my darling, you are not hurt, too, are you? Oh, Julian! how could such a story have been invented? I am glad to say that I escaped from the cart degcart and were seriously injured. He had taken both my hands in his and drawn me closer to him.

The unusual warmth of his address surprised me, but I was glad to see he was under the influence of great excitement.

"It has some truth in it, the story you have heard, love, for Nellie has been hurt with the incident. Oh, Julian, dear, I hope for your sake she is not seriously hurt."

He looked at he strangely, I fancied, then releasing my hands, he asked:

"Are you glad?"

I told him all we knew of the affair and as I finished the doctor arrived, and Julian said he must wait to hear his verdict.

Doctor Roberts said the injury to Nellie's head was very slight and it was the only wound she received, which caused slight concussion of the brain. that accounted for the unconsciousness that had so alarmed us all.

Tea was not a very lively meal that evening. When it came to an end, and the tea things were removed, we chatted quietly for awhile; then father was called out to see one of the tenants, and shortly after mother departed, saying she must look after Nellie. Julian and I, as she had left the room, Julian came to my side.

"Kathleen," he said, "what should I have done at all, but for your kindness this afternoon, as I at first believed was the case? Kathleen, I seemed to say so, how thankful I felt when I discovered it was Nellie, not you, that had met with the accident.

It came vividly before my mind that he had called me "darling" but a short while back. Oh, was it indeed Julian's darling? His next words assured me that I was.

"Kathleen, I love you dearly, dearly as I have loved you for years, can you—will you give me a place in your heart?"

"Oh, Julian, Julian!"

I held out my hands to him with a little sobbing cry, and he drew me within the shelter of his strong, tender arms; and, pillowing my head upon his breast, I wept for very joy. All my past silly jealousy seemed to melt away in the sunshine of his love, now that Julian loved me fully as well as I loved him.

"And that of Nellie?" I said, presently, when I regained somewhat of my usual composure. "Oh, Julian, how will she take it? I am almost sure Nellie loves you.

"But that's where you are wrong," said my lover, "I thought so, myself, I vow, but forgive me. I have deceived you too well; but it was for my future happiness that I did so. Dearest, I had to help me to win you would never take more than a friendly interest in me, and your generous, kindly idea occurred to me that jealousy might help to the desired effect. After a time I took her into my confidence, and she entered into the spirit of the thing, and agreed to help me to help me to win your heart; but lately poor little Nell has been looking happy in her mind with reward to you, and asked me to reveal the true state of affairs. I promised to do so this evening. Now all, Oh, sweetheart, you have been hard to win, but at last I can call you mine."

I drew away from him.

"I hardly think you will care to own me when you know everything I have to have played to Nellie," I said, sadly; and, flushing for very shame, I told him of my unjust jealousy, ending up with a full description of the manner in which I had dealt with Nellie's gift.

Julian listened to my confession in silence, then clasped me closely to him and dried my tears with kisses.

"I was wrong to try you to such an extent, Kathleen, my love, but I guess it was in my power to make you suffer. My dear one, I had done my utmost to win your love before the cause, but you were as always an icy statue as far as I were concerned.

"I have loved you for as long I were conscious of it; at least, it seems so to me now; but Julian, dear, what will you do when you would have your wife? I cannot play and sing like Nellie, I am bad-tempered; I am not—"

"Hush!" Julian laid a hand upon my lips. "You are the woman I love. We love because we love, I know not why. I don't know whose words these are, but they express my sentiments beautifully. You must make it all right with Nellie; she is a dear, unselfish little soul, really."

Yes; I could see her charms with unprejudiced eyes now, and was free to acknowledge she possessed them. Moreover, I was filled with remorse for my unkindly words and deeds. I will ask her to forgive me," I said, humbly.

"By the way, Miss Nellie is engaged to be married," announced Julian. "Her sweetheart is a captain in the merchant service. I implored her to keep that fact from your knowledge for a brief time—just to favor my little plan. How pleased you would will be when she discovers you and I have arrived at a proper understanding."

And so Nellie was; she speedily recovered from the effects of the accident, and we soon learned that she had accepted her lover.

It seemed that Robin grew fidgety soon after father left the cart and Nellie was trying to quiet him, when something in a field close by fired a gun. Nellie thought she heard the report, and, in her terror, but of that she had no clear recollection; indeed, "it all seemed like a very horrid dream," she said, with a shudder, "but of one thing she was very sure; she should never be left in charge of Robin again.

Of course, I asked my little cousin to pardon me for the many unkind things I had said and done, and she put her arms round my neck, and whispered:

"I forgive you, dear Kathleen, dear; I am without mother or father—a bit of fortune on life's wide sea, with nobody but Charlie to care in what direction I drift."

Charlie must come and stay with us, when he next comes home," said mother, and Nellie, laughing and blushing, answered:

"When you think right, auntie. I am."

Of course, my parents were much pleased that Julian and I had decided to link our lives together, and mother wrote and sent to an early marriage; there really seemed no reason why it should be delayed when we had known each other from childhood.

And so, one lovely day in early spring, I became Mrs. Julian Forrester and, although that was thirty years ago, yet I am truthfully say I have never once had cause to sigh for my lost freedom. We have two bonny children—a handsome boy, Julian and a golden-haired girl, who was christened Eleanor Nellie, after her two aunts.

My Cousin Nellie married Captain Charles Leslie three years ago. He is now the captain of a huge ocean liner, and Nellie as much now as I hated her in that bygone time, when Julian's love was doing her utmost to win Julian's love.

And Julian, my good, tender, clever husband—he has made himself a well known in the world of letters, and to his wife and children he is more precious than words, because to thank God every day of my life for the inestimable blessing of a good man's love.


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### Roasted Brown.

"The editor just told me to criticise some of the old jokes down at the minstrels," said the dramatic critic. "I guess that will make me like one of those Greeks on the corners."

"Then is that?" asked the sporting editor.

"Why, a chestnut roaster."

### High Birth Rate.

Stubb—They say that Americans are the most liberal travelers in Europe. In fact, they always occupy the choice compartments in the sleeping cars.

Penn—Then I suppose you can tell an American by his berth.

# BITTERLY WRONGED;
## Or,
# LURED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By E. BURKE COLLINS,

Author of "Darke House Mystery," "A Fallen Star," "The Rajah's Jewels," "A Dangerous Game," Etc.

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CHAPTER IV.

NEMESIS.

"Gilbert Luttrell, where is my wife? Answer me!"

Again the words trailed across the silence, and the man trembled and fell back, as the nervy hands of the artist closed about his throat. It was a dramatic scene, and his lonely surroundings at that hour of the night enhanced its impressiveness.

"Answer!" commanded Lewis Russell once more, "or I will choke the life out of your cowardly body!"

Luttrell swayed unsteadily under the grasp of the half insane man. His face grew purple, his eyes dilated; he made an attempt to raise the dead. His tongue was dumb, he was like one paralyzed. At last:

"I don't—know—what you—mean," he faltered. "I do not know your wife."

"False! you liar! Now, listen, Mr. Luttrell, I will give you five minutes in which to answer, and the truth, mind you! You have driven my wife away, to go upon the stage, your paltry stage, to show herself nightly for money. She has no more aptitude for the stage than I have, yet you have worked upon her vanity for your own vile purposes and she believes she is destined to become an actress."

His voice rang out in a bitter cry; the voiceless cry of a heart that was breaking. Then Lewis Russell went on, his tone low and tense:

"I demand of you once more, and for the last time, what have you done with my wife? Think in time to sully your soul with any more falsehoods; I know that you are the villain who has lured her away from me and her home. She left a letter—that letter tells all. Where is she, I say?"

He raised his hold upon the other a trifle and the villain with an effort found a voice.

"I did not lure her away." She came of her own free will; no woman was ever induced to go astray against her own volition."

"Very true. But I know the power that a man like you can wield over a weaker, vain and silly nature. I know how the human grim jurse lies unsuspecting by into its web and draws and attracts and fascinates, until the silly fly gets close enough and then it is lost. I know all your lures, you human spider, and I demand that you restore my wife. I would never take her back as my wife—heaven forbid; but, to save her, to rescue her soul from a living death, I would do anything. I will save her from an existence of sin. Give her back to me, or I will let you live unpunished. Refuse, and I will hunt you down to death, you murderer!"

In his excitement Lewis had unconsciously loosened his hold of the other. Luttrell was quick to take advantage of the situation, and, turning upon the artist, dealt him a blow across the head that would have felled an ox. Luttrell drew a long breath, and glanced furtively around him. Only the full moon's electric glow gleamed down upon him, upon the scene, with a cruel glimmer, as though in mockery and derride. He stepped to the curb-stone and gazed eagerly, anxiously, up and down the long, narrow street.

No policeman, no sound, nobody at all in view. The hour was late and this unfrequented street was as silent and deserted as a graveyard. Again Luttrell drew a long breath.

"A close shave!" he muttered. "And now to get rid of the pgpof. I am doing a wholesale business tonight. Well, all I can do now is to carry him in."

Taking a key from his pocket, he silently unlocked a small, back door in the back building. Then, stooping over Lewis Russell's unconscious form, the half-carried, half-dragged it into the small hallway, and locked the door behind him. All was Paris can darkness but drawing a silver match-ge's from his pocket, he struck a match, and with a trembling hand proceeded to light a small lamp which stood upon a table in the long, dark hallway.

"I feel as though I were running my neck into a noose," he muttered, "but I don't see any alternative. But if these two are missed there will be a grand hue and cry. The most danger lies with the artist, who is, I am told, daily growing more and more popular. Upon my word, I shrink from the danger, but I do not see any other way."

His eyes wandered over Lewis' body.

"Good-looking fellow!" he exclaimed. "Still, she preferred me, or she would not be so eager to leave him. That blow certainly laid him out. Good luck for me, that I happened to remember that trick of striking; its done the business now. Let me see, if it has not done it for effectually. I do not feel his heart pulsate. I fancy he is done for. Ah, Mr. Lewis Russell, you are out of my way forever, and the beautiful Clarice is my property henceforth!"

Lamp in hand, he went down the long hallway which ended in an iron door. This he unlocked with the same key and opened it. He stood there, gazing with dilated eyes into the room, a dark, musty unused apartment, unwholesome and repelling.

"I cannot," he murmured, in a trembling voice. "I cannot go into that room. And how can I ever look upon the dead face again?"

He turned and went hastily back to darkness. He choked back a cry of fear. He felt as if he should go mad, as he crouched there, the cold perspiration standing in great drops on his brow, for as surely as he lived, there was something in the darksome passage something creeping slowly along, a ghostly presence. Down the long, dark passageway it crept, nearer, it seemed to float upon the air, but still near the ground; he fancied he could feel a presence, a cold breath seemed to float past his cheek, as he crouched closely against the wall. It seemed to the half-insane man, insane through physical terror, as though it would never pass, and leave him in peace.

At last, when it seemed as that he could endure no more, the ghostly presence paused at his side, and a cold mist was wafted over his face, a voice whispered something in his ear, he could not distinguish what it said, but Gilbert Luttrell could bear no more. His strength slipped from him, he fell himself falling to the ground, dense darkness was all around him; his eyes closed, and he knew no more.

It was morning before the guilty man recovered from his insensibility; he was lying at the office door, in the dawning of the day, yet he had sunk into unconsciousness down below in that darksome room. How, then, had he transported himself above, and the very door of his private office?

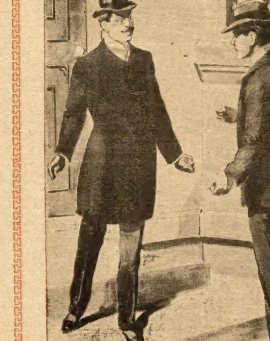
"How came I here?" he asked himself, blankly, as he stumbled to his feet, and glared about him, in the chill morning air. And as he slipped from the building, locking the door after him, and dodged around by way of the least frequented streets, and so at last reached his hotel, he was conscious of a vague feeling of terror, a feeling as though someone were following his footsteps, tracking him down to his doom.

And he had forgotten that in this life, there is a Nemesis, that sooner or later all guilt is found out and punished; that no one ever escapes just punishment, if not in this life, in the life to come. Yes; for every crime there is a Nemesis, and Gilbert Luttrell had his. But he was fated to learn all this bitter truth before he had time to grow old.

CHAPTER V.

A HEARTLESS WOMAN.

"There! you have done thischief enough, Marie. See, you have overturned a box of laces. Pick everything up, and be careful not to soil or tear them. Remember, for everything you have ever so little, you must pay for. I shall deduct it from your wages. You may look over the new packing




He stopped short at sight of Lewis Russell.

where Lewis Russell's unconscious body lay, and placing the lamp upon the table, dragged the limp body of the artist—shrinking from it in horror all the time—through the gloomy passageway to that dreary, tombline room. He placed it upon the floor, and with a perceptibly shaking hand, locked the door upon it. His face was white and terrified, and he trembled so that he could scarcely walk.

"It was awful," he ejaculated, "but there was no help for it. Ah-h! What—who is this? It is a footstep!

Trembling like a leaf, he shrank into the nearest corner, and crouched against the wall, an abject picture of utter terror and alarm. It was an impressive scene. The long, gloomy passageway, with that ghost of a light casting weird shadows over the surrounding objects, and over all, that deathlike silence which could be felt, like something sentient. Then, there was a sudden rush and the lamp went out in utter cases and show me the purchases; the pretty things which Mr. Luttrell has sent to me. I wonder when he will come to New York again?"

He looked at the pretty girl, who was busying on alone with you, but he will follow soon, and the play is to go on by the first. I shall be ready on my part, for all my wardrobe will be in readiness. I shall make a lovely fairy butterfly, don't you think so, darle?"

"Oui, oui, mademoiselle, une belle—" "Speak English, you dolt, or I will beat you with this hairbrush," and the beautiful Clarice flourished the massive silver-backed brush in close proximity to the head of her long-suffering hand-maid. Marie subsided into silence, but the sullen gleam in her small black eyes and the dull red flush on her sallow cheek told their own story of long-repressed rage and dislike. Like all small minds, Clarice was exceedingly overbearing and tyrannical to her inferiors; a servant in her estimation was only a slight remove from a brute. She had never known what it was to have a maid before, and the consequence was that poor Marie had a painful existence, mentally vowing to get even with the proud beauty some day.

When Clarice had arrived at the depot to take her departure for New York, the day following Gilbert Luttrell's visit, she found a note from him instead, which informed her that he would be detained a few days longer on important business, but for her to proceed, traveling with the maid he had provided for her, and meet him in New York, go to the rooms which he had already secured for her, having wired and arranged all necessary details; that he would follow her to the metropolis as soon as possible. And she had been comfortably domiciled there for nearly a week. Still Gilbert did not come. But she had occupied herself in planning her costumes, which were certainly bewitching.

She was in her element now. Her days were one long round of shopping; her time was spent at superintending a fashionable modiste, and Gilbert Luttrell was continually sending something new for her stage outfit. Clarice realized that he was expending a large sum of money in her stage finery, and knew that she must make it up to him, by looking her very prettiest, and creating a furore on the stage. And that was a proceeding after her own heart. Today, as she reclined in the depths of a low, satin chair in her fancy room she looked like a picture. In a white silk tea-gown, faced with delicate blue, one would never have suspected that only a few weeks before she had been glad to live in the little flat, where she kept house—cooking, sweeping, dusting, all the weary routine of housekeeping, though on a very small scale. Her flip curled a trifle scornfully at it all.

"That is what I did for love," she exclaimed, under her breath. "What a martyr I was making of myself. I ought to be grateful to Mr. Luttrell for arousing me from such a loathsome life. Ugh! like a cottage." How he did laugh, to be sure, when he first spoke of it. I declare, I am embarrassed to think he was laughing at me. No more silly 'love in a cottage' business for me. I am beautiful, I am one of the most beautiful women in the world, and I shall not hide my face in a four-room flat for anybody. All the world is at my feet; there is not a man but will worship me."

The patient maid laboriously unpacked the magnificent wardrobe, while the embryo actress sat at the fire, her chin in a child, though never losing an opportunity to chide her servant with a word or a disapproving sight, to the clover of fine dress and the devotee of fashion. There were costumes in silk and satin and lace, costumes suitable for the stage, fit only for the glare of the footlights, and costumes for the house—all beautiful, becoming and costly. One would wonder how the beautiful tyro in histrionic fame could ever aspire to pay for them. For, she had contracted to reimburse Mr. Luttrell for all clothing she should wear upon the boards in good style, and becoming to her beauty, with the proceeds of her first season. After that, all would be her own earnings, and Clarice looked forward with ecstacy to a large increase of salary, after that momentous first season was ended. To her, as to so many others of her ilk acting was only a graceful appearing upon the boards—a beautiful face set off by an exquisite costume; no matter if there were not a glimmer of talent. All that would be excused, for the sake of gazing upon a perfect face and form, and seeing some graceful poses, fairylike dancing, which together with the costly and beautiful costumes, set off the actress and make up the sum of her proficiency for the stage. And in looking upon her beautiful and graceful and fine wardrobe one would forget that she cannot act.

So the momentous first night came, and "the beautiful and talented" Clarice Russell made her appearance before the critical public. Of course, she was a pronounced success, her face and figure and, above all, her exquisite toilettes ensuring that. And then, in the full flush of triumph, elated and carried away by her great success, there was a suit instituted by Clarice Russell against Lewis Russell for absolute divorce, on the plea of "incompatibility of temper," and failure to support; that is, in the manner she would have it, that she would work went on.

Somehow, brought so closely before the public, Lewis Russell gained in popularity, and as he was generally well liked, he began to be spoken of as "one of the rising artists of the present day." His latest picture was purchased by a connoisseur for a very large sum, and his studio became full of orders. Then, the eager public clamored for his return, and the two were each other with gravely excitement, and the dead man becomes a power in the land, from whence he has gone forever.

And so, Lewis Russell's fortune began to grow, and the public clamored for his appearance, but he did not return to his home. The rent for the flat had been paid in advance for a year, the janitor's wife had cared for and kept up order by Barbara Morrell deft hands, returned to possess for the return of the missing man. But, he came not.

He was all alone in the world, save for distant relatives, thus there was no one to be interested in his fate; no one of his false, vain, unworthy wife, and she gone. Therefore, there was nobody to inquire into his disappearance, or to ask why, or where he had gone. It is true though he was destined to sink into oblivion, and the place that knew him, no more. But Barbara Morris

got the young artist and his humble home was always kept in readiness for his return.

"Poor fellow!" sighed pretty Barbara, tears very near the surface of her beautiful eyes. "how sorry I am for him! I do not know of anybody I pity as much as I do Mr. Russell!"

CHAPTER VI.

WEAVING THE WEB.

"Mamma, something has happened to papa, I fear. He is certainly not like he never knew him so late before. For he knows he cannot be with us very long. Yes, he told me, he has to be at again tomorrow or next day. And he would not have gone out at all tonight but you know he said he had some urgent business to attend to, and he would return home as soon as it was done. I wonder what that business was; do you know, mamma?"

Mrs. Morris wiped her eyes.

"No, dear; he was telling me that he had received his prise money, though, and he had drawn his reserve fund from the bank, and was going in the morning to deposit it in the hands of some trusty person to keep until he returns from the next voyage—his last—oh, Barbie, think of that!"

"I think of it, and I am glad, mamma, dear," cried the girl. "It seems just too good to be true. But, surely he did not have all that money upon his person when he went out tonight?"

Mrs. Morris looked troubled.

"I am afraid he did, dear. You know how strong he is, and yet I must confess I insisted upon his placing it in safe-keeping somewhere in the house until morning, then go to a bank and place it where he knows it will be all right; yet I could not got him to consent and I am very worried about it, as I fear he carried it with him. There is danger of his being robbed, if he has it with him."

Barbara looked very grave.

"Oh, will he be safe in rash things?" she cried, tremulously. "I shall be in misery until he comes home. Mamma, if he should not come home—Barbara shrieked—I will go to the police office and beg their assistance in finding him, dear, but"—with a brightening of her sad little face—"papa never stayed out in that way, and surely no one would know that he had all that money upon him; so how could anything happen?"

"We will hope for the best," sighed the poor mother, anxiously. "Of course, we will not go to bed until he comes home, Barbie, sit down here with me, and we will wait and watch for him."

So the dreary vigil began. Twelve o'clock struck; but Captain Morris did not return. Two, three! Still Barbara watched and listened with the greatest fear, and it was dawn of another day, before all hope of his return died out of their hearts. Then, Barbara arose and spreading a warm blanket over her mother, who had fallen into a doze, went out into the kitchen and kindled a fire in the cook stove and made a pot of hot, strong coffee.

"Poor mamma, poor mamma!" she sobbed, choking back her hot tears with an effort. "Oh, what can have happened to papa?"

But only echo answered her, and no voice spoke from out the gloom to tell the sad story of the fate that had befallen him, and the fate of the kind husband and father.

Let us return to Lewis Russell. He came back to consciousness, only to find himself in a deeper darkness, surrounded round, lying upon the stone floor. He struggled to his feet, and stood staring blankly about him. The door was closed, but he strayed into the grewsome place shone upon the dead letters, the cobwebs, dirty cobwebbed walls, the locked door, and not far away—what was that? He stooped and picked up a pocket handkerchief stained with fresh blood; it bore the initials "J. M."

While trembling he held the blood-stained handkerchief into his pocket, for something which he could not fathom and which he did not pause to analyze, impelled him to do so. And then, he saw tucked in between the folds of the handkerchief, a crumpled slip of paper. Shaking like a leaf with nameless apprehension, the artist opened the paper and found there, written in a plain, round hand:

"Received of Captain John Morris, of the ship 'Aspinwall,' the sum of $50,000 in U. S. currency, in trust for his wife and child, until he shall return from the present voyage.—Gilbert Luttrell." And, just below, "Captain John Morris."

The document was dated the day previous. Then Lewis felt that he had stumbled upon a fearful secret. A look of triumph overspread the artist's face, and his eyes lit with a gleam of satisfaction.

This paper looks bad for Mr. Gilbert Luttrell," the artist said, grimly. "He shall explain the meaning of it all, at all events. And when he does explain he will have to air the whole damnable affair in open court and imprisonment of me."

With the telltale paper and the blood-stained handkerchief hidden in his pocket, Lewis tried the door, though with only a faint hope of being able to open it. To his astonishment the door opened with little difficulty, and he found himself in the long, gloomy passageway. Slowly and carefully he made his way to the outer door and this, also, to his intense surprise, he found unlocked. It was with the greatest surprise that the young man made this discovery; it looked as though it was not intended to keep him a prisoner after all.

He fled and unnoticed, he was emerged into the little back street, his garments bearing traces to the contact with the cold stone floor of his temporary prison. The morning sun was shining as he hastened from the scene of his night in the less frequented streets; his intention was to go at once to police headquarters, make his report, and leave the telltale evidence. Then, afterwards! Well, let them take charge of the matter. They would know best what to do.

He hastened along with eager footsteps. When chancing to turn a corner, he saw coming down the stone steps from a stately dwelling—Gilbert Luttrell. He was dressed in a handsome suit of black and there was a tiny rosebud in his buttonhole. He looked as smiling and debonair as though his conscience had not a shadow upon it. He stopped short, and all the color fled from his face at sight of Lewis Russell.

Further chapters of this charming story will appear next week, leading the characters into highly interesting situations. Readers desiring more romances and patterns will find announcement of the same on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## PLAYING WITH FIRE.

On Frank Curtis' marriage we heard much of his bride's beauty. She was partly French, a Hindu mixture, educated in a convent first, then "finished" by two or three years of travel and society, and presented to Curtis' family and friends at the orange-blossom at Frank's side by the altar.

Subsequently I was away, more or less, for some time. When I again saw Rispah Curtis she had been married for years.

She did me the honor to call on my friends with me, although I think I was the only woman of whom she was not jealous. possessed of a most unique distinction not, obliviously, on account of my widowhood. That state has never yet failed with this she drew the largest number of victims for her virulent speeches, her stinging sarcasms.

"Do you know, Curtis, that I met two hundred times," she said, with that envious sifting of the lashes over eyes which uncovered her sharp little white teeth.

"That, my dear, is a truism."

"You are a brute."

"Thank you."

She came and stood before me.

"I wish," she said, suddenly, "that you would tell me, Mr. Gaussen, why you think Frank in love with me. Ah, don't start!" she cried, impatiently. "That is such a stupid way people have, as if one could possibly fit not? Well, I want a plain answer. You have known me since I was fifteen. For seven years older than he is. You are the most competent person I know to judge him.

"A more competent person still," I replied, frigidly, "would be Frank. He knows Rispah, excuse the frankness; a really clever woman studies her husband, and herself in relation to him. I think, Rispah, she has less reason to exhaust her vitality in gratifying other women—in the same relation."

"Very good; very neatly put. You are a woman of discretion, Gaussen, and for the reason I appeal to you. Come, you have not answered me."

This conversation took place at Clancy, the country house Frank had bought when they were married. Then, like Rispah, that she loathed it. She loathed, she said, the country in general, and upon the occasion of my visit, I, for one, was forced to believe her. She spent several weeks every year.

"Why do you come?" I would say.

"To look at you, Gaussen, truly."

As a matter of fact that was just what she did not do. She looked at Frank, and at Frank, when he married you, loved you as much as he could love any woman. That was the impression at the time was that he was desperately in love.

"Yes; he was. That is not the question."

"Well, and now—now I think he would love you more than ever, if you didn't adore him."

It was brutal. But I intended that it should be. She made no movement. She sat with her head thrown back against her upraised arms, and her eyes were closed. Let me calmly, ejaculating between half-closed lids:

"With my jealousy, you mean?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Call it anything you rather."

Without changing her attitude, she raised her eyes. Her color had remained, thus gazing upward, some time.

"Frank is very handsome," she said, suddenly. "Don't you think so, Gaussen?"

"Oh, a demi-god."

"Not quite English and rude. He is magnificent. He is an Apollo. He is a Viking!"

She began to laugh a little as she got on her feet.

"I suppose I seem quite mad to you. "But"—with a sudden vindictiveness—"is not one of her arms about me—"I am very unhappy."

Her face, emotionless and dry-eyed as it was, moved me, in spite of myself.

"You should not say that," I said, angrily. "It is possible that any one can so willfully destroy their own happiness."

"Oh, don't lecture!" she laughed again, escaping through the door.

It was a few days after that Frank spoke to me, for the first and only time, of what I had already long since divined. Rispah had been a large dinner party at Clancy, and Rispah had made a point of inviting the very persons I should have chosen, under ordinary widow, as it chanced—to whom she paid the compliments of her jealousy at a particular moment. The pretty widow flirted, indubitably, and I was constrained to admit that Rispah had cause to chafe. I was not sorry. He had evidently made up his mind to put his wife down her morbid suspicions.

Frank, I could see that the poor fellow was deadly weary of the whole thing. After we had finished coffee he happened to find himself alone near me for a few moments.

"Why does Rispah persist in dragging these women here?" he sighed, wearily. "Can't you use your influence with her? She tortures me and she tortures herself. All for what?"

We were standing outside the dining room windows on the low, long balcony.

"Have a little patience with her."

"Patience! patience! Why, it's enough to kill any man's love?"

I was just about to retire for the night when a low knock preceded the entrance of Rispah into my room.

She came slowly toward me in her trailing white gown. "I heard everything you said—Frank and you—after dinner. I was standing just inside the dining room window."

"May it be a lesson to you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered, faintly. "I think I have been wrong, perhaps. And you think it has made a difference in his love?"

"My dear, you can't bore a man—in any way—without making a difference in his love. Rispah, I beg you, be constituted."

I was utterly unprepared for what followed. She sank suddenly upon her knees before the chair where I sat, and, burying her face in my lap, began to moan over and over:

"He must love me again as he used! I cannot live unless he does."

"Come, Rispah, come!"

She looked up.

"What am I to do to have his old love again?"

"Behave yourself," I cried, "nothing more!"

She got up in one of those astonishingly swift changes of mood which characterized her.

"You don't know anything about it," she said, with a laugh, and her eyes gleamed. My visit to Clancy was to close on the morrow, and I was glad both Frank and his wife that I would return for another visit when they came back to town.

The leaves were falling when Rispah claimed the fulfillment of the promise.

"Come and see how I have cured myself of my heart disease, Mr. Gaussen."

I told her as soon as I saw her that I was glad to hear that she had been trying to cure herself.

"Oh, I have succeeded," she responded, airily.

"How and where is Frank?"

"Oh, I think he is very well. He is away for a few days just now. Business."

I looked at her, laughing.

"Prove your words. I prefer his absence really believe you are cured. A year ago—"

"Oh, don't remind me of my follies."

We dined alone. But after dinner a visitor whom I had not before met was announced. He was a handsome man, a handsome man of thirty, polished, clever, a man of the world.

"How do you like M. de Lausac?" asked Rispah, after he was gone.

"He is charming and I don't like him at all."

She laughed out.

"You are a queer creature!"

Within a day or two Frank came back. Rispah met him with a most astonishing amount of indifference. She was properly and gracefully pleased to see him; she hoped he had had a pleasant journey. Nothing more. Frank, I thought, seemed preoccupied. Once or twice I caught him looking at Rispah with a curious fixedness. He was paler than when I had seen him last, and he was quiet.

De Lausac came and went. A day did not pass without seeing him. Indeed, he seemed to me to be perpetually on the scene.

I had, in those days, an uncomfortable feeling, and it seemed to me that I could see Rispah was deeply interested. Did Rispah see it, too I felt persuaded that she did; yet my tongue was tied.

As I looked back upon the events which followed, knowing Rispah as I knew her, let me confess that I was blind and could clearly before me. She never thought of another than her husband; she never loved any man but him. Her love for him was, in an almost insane passion. But the idea that Frank preferred Rispah's distranged and cooled his love had taken firm lodgment in her brain, and she knew of but one way—a poor, foolish, feminine creature—to win it back in its first ardor. To this end, De Lausac was her tool. Frank must be made, might, by exciting her husband's jealousy, jealous, might be her to her place in his eager love, she had no reason to fear the polished man of the world than for the latchet of her shoes. She knew him, and did not think that she could singe her hand.

I remember the night as though it were but yesterday. The autumn had been oppressively warm, and even now there was no chill in the air to the open window. The windows were open in the grounds.

Suddenly came ringing through the silence, awful in its unexpectedness, the scream which I shall never forget. A second followed, and then a third, and by no way will never knew. An instinct seemed to guide me. The moon shone out from beneath the clouds. I saw the pathway, and did not think that she could singe her hand.

Down by the high gate, at the farthest end of the grounds, by the river, I ran, and up to the sky, the Frank I had known from his childhood. Cold and still, and white hilar, brought low by the hand of the unmagnificent manhood. And she, through whom the deed had been done, bending over upon his body, chafing the nerveless hand, raising the lovely head, calling out to heaven to take her, too. Alas, poor Rispah! The pity of it all!

When he had been carried into the house, when the doctor had come and pronounced the fatal words, when necessary arrangements were made, for the sad, sad directions that would follow, to get Rispah to speak. But she remained motionless, holding the dead man's hand. From her we heard nothing, and then nor ever.

That night she was carried senseless to her room, and through the ten days that intervened she was delirious, ere for a moment returned to consciousness.

It was assumed that De Lausac struck the fatal blow. He was found to be equipped with silver, which was found next morning in the grounds, and deformed. Such was his testimony. Just what transpired no one will ever know. I myself had seen Rispah ostentatiously saunter out with De Lausac, and Frank a little later follow alone. De Lausac deposed that the latter had attacked him, without cause, as he said, and raising his stick to parry the force of the blow, the heavy implement had struck the temple of Frank Curtis.

Only one could have told the tale, and to her, happily, the telling was spared. With them the truth lies buried—with Rispah and her husband.

## Clever Little Stories.

A recent public speech in London wherein the speaker took occasion to dwell upon what he said were the two peculiarities about Scotch highlanders—their great devotion to the national drink and their powers of clear-sighted vision without apparently getting the worse for it—recalls to an English writer the old story of how the laird of Garscadden once had his leg smashed. A considerable number of lairds had congregated for the ostensible purpose of talking over some parish business. They talked well and drank still better, and one of them about the dawn of the morning rising his eye on Garscadden, remarked that he was "looking once gash" (very ghastly). Upon which the laird of Kilmarnock coolly replied: "Na wonder, since he has been wi' his Maker these two hours! I saw him step awa', but I didna like to disturb guid company."

A story is told of a certain English bishop well known for his verbosity, who rose to address the house of lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfiture of his friends, for the whole Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little story. "Tom Smith of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an old woman looking up at the clock and the time on the big clock there. Just then it struck twelve, and the woman cried out 12. The man listened, looked hard at the clock, and said, 'Confound you, why couldn't you have said that in the first place?'" The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed the point in his little anecdotal story.

A party of Englishmen staying in France went for a drive which extended beyond the Italian frontier, where they purchased a bucket of lemons. Just before reaching the vexatious official stopped the carriage and said the tax must be paid for the fruit. The Englishmen refused to pay, and he stood still for awhile. Then, with the disgusted remark that he was, but thanks to reform, they calmly and deliberately ate the contents of the basket and went on their way unmolested rejoicing.

Sir Henry Roscoe, in a privately printed book of lectures and addresses, tells how he and the German scientist, Bunsen, were traveling together in England they met a lady to whom Bunsen, who was very certain, the Chevalier Bunsen. "Have you finished your book, Prof. Bunsen?" yes" she asked him. "No, madam," he replied, "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

## Artificial Pearls.

The Smithsonian institution has recently acquired the most complete collection in any in existence, writes the Washington correspondence of the St. Louis Republic. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, is very pretty and an exquisite pink in color. If it were not flawed it would be worth enormous sums of money, but even in its present condition it is prized as a curiosity.

The pearl was made by introducing a ball of beswax into the shell of a living freshwater mussel. This is a practice in operation in many rivers of the United States, which frequently yield the pearls, occasionally produced, some of them of large size and thousands of dollars. The nacre secreted by molluscs of this genus is prized for the lustering on salmon, and the pearls obtained from them are known in trade as pearls of the world.

The ball of wax was placed near the hinge of the bivalve, which, being kept in a tank under favorable conditions, secreted under such circumstances, of course, a mollusk tries to envelop the foreign substance by covering the foreign object with a smooth coating of pearl stuff—the same material as that which lines the inside of the shell.

That is exactly what the mussel did in the case described, and the result was a monstrous pearl. Owing to pressure, however, the waxen ball lost its spherical shape and the pearl assumed that form.

At the end of two years the mussel was taken out of the tank and opened for the purpose of removing the pearl, which was given, together with the bivalve which produced it, to the Smithsonian Institution. Concentration of the waxen core, due to dryness, caused it to crack.

This misfortune, while destroying its commercial value, made it possible to observe the thickness of the successive layers of nacre, somewhat greater than that of a sheet of ordinary letter-paper.

**A Woman's Discovery.**

I have discovered a positive cure for all female weaknesses and the pains. It never fails to cure the pains from any cause, whether of long or short standing. Every woman, suffering as I did, should write me at once, for I consider it my duty to tell sufferers how they may be cured. Address MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 168, Notre Dame, Ind.

## The Ideal School-Teacher.

The teacher must know more, and know more; he must be a living fountain, not a stagnant pool. He should not be a dealer in second-hand information, but rather a mere giver-out and hearer of lessons. That is the chief and humiliating difference between our secondary teachers and those abroad, who are mostly doctors of philosophy, as they should be, and professors in university professors to the college, many college professors to the university, many high school teachers to the grammar school, and some grammar school teachers, with at least a few graduates of college work, to the kindergarten. It would do much. In the German system to raise the standard of the teacher who knows a great deal about his subject, and is nearer to original sources, who tells the great truths of the sciences almost like stories, and who does not affect airs and methods of the university professor. Very many accomplished teachers are masters and authorities. Here, most of our university pedagogy is a mere device for so influencing high-school principals and teachers as to correlate curricula, in order to credit in students, and little interest is taken in the grammar grades and none in the kindergarten.—The Forum.

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Uncle Sam is rapidly becoming every-body's uncle in both hemispheres.

It sometimes happens that after gaining a foothold a man is unable to make head-way.

It isn't necessary for a brilliant conversationalist to know what he is talking about.

It is human nature to desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals.

Few women are interested in the study of prehistoric man. Their specialty is the man of today.

A boon companion is seldom considered a boon by the family of the man with whom he associates.

Thoroughly to cement the friendship, Japan is about to strike Great Britain for a good-sized loan.

When a woman takes a man into her confidence he is up against the worst kind of a confidence game.

The honest man who pays his rent has to hustle and the dishonest one who doesn't has to keep moving.

In former years a long arm may have been useful in reaching out for business, but today shorthand is more important.

Now the millers are talking of forming a national organization; of course its object will be the reduction of the price of flour.

Fitzsimmons and Jeffries have finally signed articles to fight, but will probably break them once or twice for advertising purposes.

Now that young Teddy is out of danger enterprising hat dealers probably will send him their latest styles of hats as slight tokens of esteem.

It is reported that a Yale graduate is earning an honest living by blacking boots in a New York hotel; yet there are people who sneer at a college education.

Any foreign nation wishing to form an alliance with Congressman Wheeler will have to crawl into his presence and then bump its head nine times on the floor.

Emperor William will have to tighten the hoops on the triple alliance or do some other piece of expert coopering if he is going to keep pace with his Uncle Ed in the matter of alliances.

Susan B. Anthony is only 82 years old, but she is preparing to extend her activities in the cause of woman suffrage, believing that she can curb her girlish exuberance sufficiently to prevent it from injuring the movement.

# REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

## *Oath-Bound Under the Black Flag--Story of Love and Daring in the Chinese Empire.*

By ANNA L. SMITH,
Author of "Duchess of the Looms," "Cast Up by the Sea," Etc.
(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

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CHAPTER XXXIV.--Continued.

With smothered shrieks, terrified Spaniards and Boxers flee, disappearing in the jungle, and Ivan stands alone beside the bound, nearly strangled man.

With a low, gurgling moan she drops the implement of death and falls senseless.

Passing strange is the action of the dread phantom.

The skeleton arms are outstretched, there is a flutter of steel in the bright moonbeams, and the bonds fall.

Dan Emlin's bowed head sinks upon the grisly shoulder, the skeleton arms enfold him, and bear him onward as the demon spectre floats away, slowly over the bank, and still more slowly straight across the stream.

The quiet moonbeams have driven away from the face of rock, demon and man are lost to view in the black shadows of the frowning bluff.

Within the camp where lately frenzied shouts from savage throats have rent the air, shrieks of agony, the silence of the grave reigns.

The moon has veiled her yellow disk beneath a floating mass of dark clouds, and she strikes rushes on with a sullen murmur.

When the golden orb of night again floats in the unfettered azure, Ivan stands alone, looking out with wild, terrified eyes upon the solitude of rock and forest and stream.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE CLIFF OF WEI KEAOUS.

We will now turn our attention to the party of American marines in the mouth of a natural cave, at the moment when Lieutenant Chilton and his detachment, with the exception of Ensign Howard, were on the high road, setting forth for Taku, as an escort to the rescued bride; as had been arranged, Elson Howard, Fred Hazelton and Konalouk, who again acted in capacity of guide, had volunteered for the hazardous undertaking of following the renegade colonel to his lair, which they believed to be Brabanzov's village.

Scarcely had the lieutenant and his party disappeared when the trio took up the line of march, Konalouk leading by the shortest route.

They were following a blind pathway, without the slightest attempt at concealment, Konalouk declaring that perhaps he is a brother, or some kin of the dead chief."

Arriving within a short distance of the village they crept forward beneath the shelving bank of the river, screened from the view from the huts scattered along the stream, and soon came opposite the mud palisade.

Attracted by the sound of voices, they crouched in the tangled underbrush of a mangrove thicket that fringed the stream.

To their gratification they were enabled to hear distinctly the entire plan of a counterplated attack upon several bungalows belonging to wealthy residents--foreigners, of English, French and Austrian birth.

Fifty warriors, with a detachment of Spanish soldiers were to form the band for the raid, to pillage and burn such outlying bungalows as contained sufficient booty to satisfy their cupidity.

"See 'em now? Two--three--better as twenty --creep 'long--come close Taku--run fast, bring soldiers--help--kill--capture--save white man in castle--shoot 'em bym-bye!" exclaimed Konalouk.

"Your plan is to follow, keeping the war party in sight, and when we are sure they are near the scene of the anticipated attack, to leave them and bring a sufficient force of American marines to capture or destroy them?" questioned Elson Howard.

"Huh-uh! that he," returned Konalouk, with a series of comprehensive nods; "run much so fast--bring many American--British--quick gun --shoot--bang! bang! pit-pit-pit!"

"We must take the cursed Spanish Colonel alive!" exclaimed Fred Hazelton, savagely. "shooting is far too merciful a death as he murderer, devil, pirate that he is!"

"Konalouk look for he! Gittee he--do everything! Gittee--no other things--no more!" growled Konalouk.

When the column moved out from the village, three figures glided in their wake.

No halt was made, and in accordance with the plan, the bandits made directly for the camp beneath the cliff.

"We must be guided entirely by circumstances," declared Ensign Howard, "if a fair opportunity presents for a shot at the colonel, at a point where we may make our escape, he must fall. However, it is of the greatest importance that we give the alarm at the fort in season to prevent the massacre or capture of helpless women and children--we must be quite sure of the first point of attack before we lose sight of the cutthroat band. Great God! a white man herded with the yellow devils!"

"If we have a chance to shoot the leader, we shall be obliged to trust to our fleetness and strength of limb, and our guide, to elude the pursuit and reach the fort in time to lead a force of blue-jackets to the attack," returned Fred.

The savages had not reached the bridge crossing the stream, which has been so often mentioned. It would necessarily consume some time to bury the dead Boxers.

"We have an idea that will secure our safety," said Elson, that is, that instead of following the band to the camp, we cross the bridge, climb to the summit of the cliff, and from that vantage ground we can watch their proceedings, and lend a hand at any plans they may make for their future movements."

"An excellent suggestion--or rather, order--for you are in command," smiled Fred Hazelton.

"Huh-eh-uh-uh!" admonished Konalouk. "Hear feet, somebody come. One--warrior--more feet--Chinaman, step long leg--Sedan chair--Mandarin--may be woman."

"Where? I can see no one!" replied Elson, looking about. "I heard nothing."

"Japanese hear--Japanese hear!" returned Konalouk.

"You are nothing!" exclaimed Elson, "you have just said that a soldier and a woman were approaching, and yet you saw nothing. How is this?"

"Hear long foot--carry sedan--may be Mandarin--may be woman--heavy foot soldier."

The leader's words left the elder Emlin and Fred following his example, drawing the trailing vines and overhanging undergrowth about them.

Not a moment too soon. Five persons emerged from the thicket into the patch of moonlight. Four coolies bearing a sedan, one Boxer, all making their way in a stealthy, sacklike manner.

"Coming after war party," breathed Konalouk. "Not friend. Hich! Boxer chief--Manchu woman--great chief child--what come for?"

The little cortege crossed the tiny glade, scarcely twenty feet from the spot where the trio crouched in the bush.

Fred Hazelton grasped the Ensign's arm with a grip of steel.

"Did you see the face of the chief?" he whispered in an excited manner, "it is the same savage who was lying in the death agony a little apart from his fellows. Has he been resurrected?"

"Hanged if I know," answered Elson, "this is a land of mysteries. One meets with ghosts and goblins at every step. But my idea is that perhaps he is a brother, or some

"No!" put in Konalouk, who, softly as the words were whispered, had heard the suppositions; "none--none--got two brother--don't look like he--that Mein!"

"You Japanese are bloodhounds for scenting and hearing," said Fred.

"Huh!" grunted the guide, smell 'em--hear 'em--got nose--got ear."

"Whoever the party may be, it is time we gained our position on the cliff, I suppose it is safe to move, eh?"

"Come."

Konalouk gained his feet with the alertness of an ape, and noiselessly parted the path, his companions following.

The path led directly to the rustic bridge, and crossing, they made their way rapidly up the brow of the precipice, from which a broad view of the entire valley, jungle and creek could be obtained, and concealing themselves beneath the black shade of a vine-clad rock they awaited the arrival of the bandits at the camp which was in plain view across the rushing river.

They had not long to wait before the band came filing into the camp.

Not a moment was wasted by the outlaws--with yataghan and flat fragments of slaty rock they soon hollowed a trench for their fires, and commenced preparations for the feast.

Don Emilio was moving about, directing operations, a tall symmetrical figure.

"He's a handsome devil," remarked Elson, "a Lucifer among his attendant friends--who knows what record of wickedness he possesses? I'd decidedly enjoy the privilege of getting a shot at the human tiger."

"My fingers are itching to draw a bead on the demon!" returned Fred Hazelton, excitedly. "Villain, murderer, and worse! Despoiler of innocence! Proof positive that these yellow fiends are led by European renegades."

"It would be no crime to shoot him down in cold blood," whispered Elson. "I can scarcely keep my vengeance in abeyance. But he is nearly at the end of his rope--there's some consolation in knowing that."

"I'd shoot him on sight, were it not for the hazard involved," answered Fred, but we would be prevented from giving the alarm, and risk many valuable lives of men, women and children."

"My God! How by blood boils when I remember that had we not arrived just in the nick of time, George Ruthven's widow would have been lying in her grave, where that devil and his fiendish gang of cutthroats buried her alive. Instead of being at this moment well on her way back to Taku under the safe escort of Lieutenant Chilton and his brave blue jackets."

"It was indeed a miracle that saved my sister's life. But poor George, what a fearful fate was his; hurled from this very cliff by the red-handed pirates, and by heaven, we will avenge him!"

"We will exact a fearful retribution," responded Ensign Howard, "horrible as was her husband's fate it was merciful on when compared with the agony of mind your sister has endured, to the torture she must suffer. Poor girl, my heart bleeds for her--widowed at the hour of her bridal."

"Yes, poor Isadora," sighed Fred. "I fear she will never recover from the fearful shock. Good God! What is that?"

The two had scarcely noticed that they were speaking much louder than they had intended, and a slight noise had attracted Fred's attention. He turned his head and peered over his shoulder and at his exclamation his companion leveled their rifles.

"Hold!" exclaimed Fred, in a hoarse whisper, as he grasped the Ensign's wrist. "In the name of God what is that?"

He had recognized the stalwart form and handsome face of George Ruthven, as he towered tall and dark in the spectral light, not twenty feet distant from the spur of rock which sheltered the trio from view.

The Ensign wrenched his arm free, again leveling his rifle at the breast of the figure.

"Man, devil, or ghost, speak!" he demanded in a tense, determined voice. "speak, before I send a bullet to test what you are made of!"

But Fred stepped in front of the leveled weapon.

"Hush! not so loud!" admonished the handsome stranger, as he laid a hand on Ruthven's, in the flesh, and not a ghostly presence."

The Ensign's hand dropped to his side, and striding forward Ruthven joined the group.

"For God's sake, Fred, did I hear aright? Is she, my wife, indeed living?"

Fred grasped his outstretched hand, almost fiercely.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "you are both living. She is safe, although the terrible experience through which she has passed would cause the bravest man to shrink with horror. She is a brave little woman, George, and when you are restored to her, will be the happiest woman in all China. But, in the name of all that is unfathomable, how did you escape? Elson saw you dashed from the verge of this very bluff, into the river. The fall must have killed you, unless a wave made intervention at the sight, she went stark, staring mad, as--"

"Mad?" interrupted George. "But this moment you entrust me with that which was safe and well. How can that be? Mad, did you say? My God, I cannot--I will not--"

"Calm yourself," soothed Fred, placing a hand upon the broad shoulder of his friend, "it is quite true that she was driven to insanity by the awful sight she witnessed, but a merciful Providence has restored her reason through a wonderful--almost miraculous chain of circumstances. It is a long story which you shall hear in due season, but now we have work before us. Rest content for the present moment with the absolute knowledge that she is safe and under the protection of men who will defend her with their lives."

"God be praised!" returned George, fervently, "in the assurance that my darling is safe I can wait. But you are in danger of discovery here. Those fiends have the eyes of a lynx. Come with me where we can overlook the operations of the motley crew of cutthroats and thieves, and be quite safe from observation or attack."

He led the way to the verge of the deep chasm we have described in a former chapter. The spot from which the spectral form of Harelio, the gigantic friend of Count Varlano had risen before her husband's gaze. Near at hand the terrible stake--the spot to which Count Varlano had been bound, still stood, looming up black, weather-stained and grim under the clear moonlight.

"Now, boys, I'll show you the mysteries of the phantom--wonders to nature you little dream of," continued George, as he swung himself within the jaws of the chasm.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BY A WOMAN'S HAND.

His foothold was a narrow crevice, six feet below the surface, from which a natural descent of bare rocks lined the gaping jaws of the chasm lost in the darkness, and only his head and upper body were visible as he clung to the rock upon the surface, while with his knee he pressed against a broad, slaty rock.

A section of the wall turned slowly, revealing a dark opening with rough, irregular edges, of an angular shape, burrowing beneath what had appeared to be solid earth.

In the rear of the opening was sufficiently high to admit the entrance of a human being.

At his request three companions peered over the edge, and noted the situation.

"Now, follow me, one by one, step down upon this narrow ledge, plant your feet firmly, and cling to the jagged spurs above; don't look down, follow me, remembering where to swim, and a plunge means certain death," he said warningly. "I am going to step inside here--take a firm hold, and cling for dear life --keep a cool head and you are perfectly safe."

He stepped upon the ledge and passed under the archway, and the next instant Ensign Howard dropped lightly to the ledge, paused for an instant, and followed, then one without an oath slightest hesitation, Fred Hazelton and Konalouk followed the example of their companions and the four men stood within the gloomy recess, their forms but indistinctly visible.

George Ruthven placed his hand upon the revolving stone and with a slight effort swung it into its former position as a portion of the apparently solid wall, and the four were instantly enveloped in pitchy darkness.

"Wait--just a moment," spoke George, his voice sounding hollow and sepulchral, and repeated weirdly from the rock environment.

There was a rasping sound, as of flint on steel, and a blaze shot up, with a hissing sound, like the tongues of serpents, multiplied,

The spark had ignited a charred mass of bamboo which flared redly, fanned by a sharp current of air. The twigs were bound together in the form of a diminutive torch, which Ruthven held to the broad wick of a unique lamp secured within a rude sconce, and fed by the fat of the wild buffalo.

"This must be Aladdin's cave, and this the magic lamp," quoth Elsion, "presently we shall see the Genii, Great Scott, what a gal!"

They found themselves in a tunnel-like passage, scrolling down an incline—a gradual descent, between rough, uneven walls of rock, with arched, irregular roof, while the path beneath their feet was a strata of rocky soil, seamed and furrowed, the way gradually narrowing as they proceeded, to a width barely sufficient to allow of their passage in single file.

Bidding them follow, Ruthven led the way along the narrow, precipitous path. At various points they encountered a projection, the roof being too low to admit of an upright position, but singularly enough the place was strangely dry, a current of fresh air passing continually with a moan like an echo from the world of spirits.

Down, down, winding to right and left, they passed, until, suddenly turning an abrupt angle, the guide ushered the party into a small, oblong apartment, a natural opening in the very heart of the cliff.

The place was lighted by a lamp similar to the one at the entrance of the tunnel, but of huge bulk, the unpleasant odor of the smoke being wafted through fissures in the rock dome by the draft of cool air which fanned their faces.

Two or three piles of bamboo mats, cushioned profusely with dry moss, served as couches or seats.

A couple of Meuser rifles were placed upon rests—a kind of stalactite growth, glittering like icicles, two or three gigantic bows with powerful strings, as many quivers filled with arrows, fully a yard in length lay upon a ledge, and several calabashes of tanned hides with a few rude cooking utensils made up the furnishing, if we except a leathern sack, a bugle-shaped affair, closely stoppered and provided with a small, copper spout. Beside it were ranged three small crucibles, and upon the wall above was suspended a coil of rope and a skein of slender twine, as fine and tough as the strings of a violin.

The singular abode was occupied by two persons—an Oriental, wearing the insignia of a chief, and the blonde, dark-eyed young beauty of Andalusia, and a woman whose features declared her also of Asiatic extraction.

The man of Eastern mien was tall, his bearing dignified, but grave, with an expression of settled melancholy. His age might have been fifty or sixty.

The woman was perhaps five years his junior, of a rich, queenly beauty, while a face unusually handsome and intelligent for one of her race and age.

At the entrance of George Ruthven and his companions, both arose from a recumbent position upon the mats, welcoming the visitors in excellent English.

As courteously as if he were standing within a "drawing" room, Ruthven introduced his friends, and as the Ensign took the slender hand of the woman, he started back, his face pallid, his eyes expressing the most unbounded astonishment, mingled with pleasure.

There could be no doubt—the woman was the same who had led the two young officers within the blood-stained walls of the heathen temple—and in the features of the man he at once recognized the prisoner, bound, and awaiting the awful doom that overshadowed him.

Elson Howard had seen the walls of the temple prostrated, and crushed beneath its awful debris, had believed those whom he had succored to be buried beneath the ruins, and yet, they were standing beside him—was it all a dream? The terrific explosion, the bursting flames behind the green lea—or off the trees encircling the ruin, until they shrivelled and blackened in the fierce heat, or was his present position but a figment of his imagination, and these forms but the phantom peopling the realms of imagination?

The gay voice of the chief dispelled the illusion.

He had recognized the Ensign at the first glance, and extended his hand, clasping the young officer's fingers with very unphantom like warmth.

"Allah be praised—you still live—but where is your friend? I thought you both perished within the walls of the temple! He was a brave man, and to you both we owe our lives —Omnia and Asuna—my daughter."

He waved his hand towards the woman.

"She is still a brave maid—the Lieutenant Chilton will live—he was outside the walls when the old heathen—beg pardon—when the priest set fire to the canister—it was that fired the train, was it not?"

"It was Bodetto—Buddhist priest—human devil, like killed Irwan, he would have killed Osmin, but for the strong arms and brave hearts of the foreigners," returned Osmin, warmly.

"How did you escape the death he designed for you?" queried Elson, wonderingly.

"It was the will of Allah," replied the chief, gravely, "when the temple was rent into fragments the portion of the floor upon which we were standing sank downward and we were buried in the ruins, while above our heads the gatching pitar inside which was the dead body of Irwan had been hurled crosswise in such a manner as to guard the great timbers, which stood like tent-poles around us, leaning against the horrible support, scarcely a foot above our heads. We were in a sort of cell, beneath the temple, unharmed, that horrible face hovering over us. Outside the cage in which we were prisoners was a mass of loose earth, splinters and fragments of rock.

"There was not an instant to lose, and with our knives we began the task of escape. Above us the flames were darting, falling upon the light palmetto spinters, and lighting up the cell where we were fighting for life.

"Slowly, but surely, we worked our way outward and upward, and in half an hour we stood amid the ruins, upon the surface of the earth, free. One hundred yards from the ruins we found the body of Bodetto, so disfigured that it was only by his robes that we recognized him."

"Here we, faithful friends, my wife lives, is at this moment on her way to the fort," interrupted George Ruthven, breathlessly, "I can think of nothing save the happiness that has come to me."

"Allah be praised!" returned the chief, "he has made the heart of the white man like a feather in his bosom."

"Husband! Is he alive I hear?" interrupted Konalouk. "Go up on hill and see what him be."

He was about to enter the passage through which they had gained entrance, when Ruthven grasped him.

"No need," he said. "Come."

He led the way into a sort of tunnel, sloping downward, the entire party following, and presently they stood within a niche, from which a scant foot in the outer wall, midway up the face of the cliff permitted a view of the outer world. It overlooked the camp, which was too far distant for the ordinary conversation being overheard, but the pantomine was suggestive.

Six pairs of eyes peered through the broad seam, wonderingly.

"Don Emilio's Manchu wife, huh-uh!" exclaimed Konalouk, excitedly. "See!"

Just as he spoke Don Emilio was borne to the ground by the savage hands of the fierce Boxers, and in a few moments the grim preparations for the execution were completed. The victim was bound to the cross-stake, his limbs extended.

The Boxers surely could not venture to attack the force outside, besides, they had no wish to save his life—that was a hundred times forfeited, but his fearful cries appealed to our humanity.

"I must save him from the torture, although he will be our bitterest enemy hereafter," exclaimed George Ruthven, as he thrust aside the thick curtain from a loop hole in the wall and drew forth a human skeleton, and taking a vial from his pocket began hastily to smear the bleaching bones, which soon shone like fire. Then he unearthed two pouches, each provided with a faucet.

"Now strap this thing to my back," he said, and without a word Osmin obeyed, hastily enveloping both the living and the grim skeleton in the thick, voluminous blanket.

Saturating a cloth with some pungent liquid, George bound it over his nose and mouth, and while Osmin lighted a taper steeped in some resinous, inflamable substance, standing beside George, who had applied the nozzle of one of the pouches to a narrow apperture opening to the face of the cliff.

A hollow, rushing sound followed, as of escaping gas from a balloon.

Meanwhile Asanna had not been idle. Hand over hand she was drawing a small cord from the outside, coiling it carefully about her arm, until it reached a metal pin, but diminutive rope in her grasp.

The whereabouts of these strange preparations, noticed that the rope was glistening, as if it had been saturated with water.

Asanna held the tiny cord. From which but a spark of flame emanated, and motioning his companions to follow, Ruthven led the way downward along a narrow ledge until the whole party stood nearly at the base of the precipice, but concealed by a thin wall of rock, bristling with sharp points. Removing a slab which was laid loosely across an opening a passage was free to the outer world, but so draped with a network of wild sage brush as to be effectually hidden from view.

Unhesitatingly Ruthven stepped through the orifice, upon a narrow bridge, a strong web of closely woven cloth, manufactured from the fibres of a native tree, and so covered by a resinous coating as to defy the action of the water, beneath which it was safely hidden when not required as a means of crossing the rapid stream, besides preventing his feet from slipping.

Passing the taper to Ruthven, Osmin repeated the slab, leaving only sufficient space through which the party might view the proceedings.

Deftly drawing the blanket from the skeleton and wrapping it closely about his person, Ruthven lighted a torch, dropped the taper, and gilded forward, whirling the torch above the ghastly skeleton, a blue flame playing fitfully as if emanating from the fiery apparition, and lighting up the face of the cliff with a ghostly glare.

Straight across the invisible bridge the horrible presence glided, and in mortal terror the superstitious assassins fled, leaving, as we have seen, only the victim, bound to the stake, and the insensible form of Iano, lying prone upon the earth.

Cutting the cords, Ruthven lifted the limp burden in his strong arms, recrossed the invisible bridge and disappeared.

It was labor lost, for when the limp form was laid upon the floor of the hidden cavern it was found that life was extinct.

The curse was fulfilled. Don Emilo Estrance had perished miserably at the hands of his heathen wife.

The conclusion of this remarkable romance will be found in next week's Ledger. Free patterns and free cameras are still being sent to all subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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## THE WITNESS IS EXCUSED.

"Now, sir. Have you been married?"

"I think so—wance."

"What do you mean, sir—once? Whom did you marry?"

"A wumman."

"Come, come, now, sir; don't trifle with the court. Of course it was a woman. Did you ever hear of anybody marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir; my sister." (Collapse of counsel.)

## GET MAD

### When Friends Tell the Truth.

Many people become coffee topers before they realize it, and would be angry if thus described even by a close friend.

It will pay anyone to examine carefully into whether or not coffee has gained the mastery over them. A coffee toper may suspect that his or her ails come from coffee drinking, but they will invariably charge the disease to some other cause, for right down in the heart they realize that it would be practically impossible to give up coffee, so they persuade themselves that it does not hurt them, but it goes on with its work just the same and the result is complete collapse and nervous prostration, lasting sometimes for years, unless the poison that causes the disease is discontinued.

There are hundreds of thousands of illustrations of the truth of this statement.

Any person addicted to coffee can make the change from common coffee to Postum Food Coffee without trouble, provided the Postum is properly prepared so as to bring out the color, flavor and food value. It has a rich brown color and changes to the golden brown when good cream is added.

The change will work wonders in any one whose nervous system or stomach has been unbalanced or disturbed by coffee.

### How She Helped Him.

"George," said the young wife, "I think you ought to wanted your two suits to go as far as possible."

"I think I did," agreed George.

"Well, I have helped you. I gave them to the missionary society to send to the South Sea Islands."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

### ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

#### You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cures of disease in every form, in one decade, is the record of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as hopeless. Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All these cures have been made by mental, instantly The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable, and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view all the time. A healer my many marvelous cures have attracted the attention of the people for years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every city, town and village in the land. Surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to cure you, I will if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be well. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousand of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance. Disappointment of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to my method of healing, entitled "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. Address, Mrs. Winslow, Suite 604, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

### The Other Victims.

"Look at our automobile ambulance flying down the street," said the proud citizen.

"Sir, see," responded the stranger, "that why does the old one-horse ambulance follow behind?"

Oh, that goes to pick up the people that the automobile ambulance runs over."


### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### Joke Was Evident.

"No wonder they say the British are slow in seeing a joke.

"Why so?"

"I told the chap from London that we never ate a rabbit stew without finding a hare in it, and he gulped down and wrote a paper entitled 'Neatness Needed in American Kitchens.'"

### Not a Steel Engraving.

"Yes, mum," said the tramp, who had devoured the second pie set before him, "I used to be an engraver an' if I only had the tools—"

"Don't let that bother you," interrupted the old lady, as she picked up the ax and saw, "here are the tools for a wood-cut. Now get to work."

### Four Trains Daily

To Indianapolis and Cincinnati, via Monon route and C. H. & D. Ry. Through sleeper from Chicago to St. Augustine, Fla., every night. City tickes office, 232 Clark street, Chicago.

### Took Him Up.

Sandy Pikes—What did de lady say when yer told her yer was an old acrobat?

Billy Coalgate—She told me to go out in de woodpile an' do de split.

## Retort Courteous.

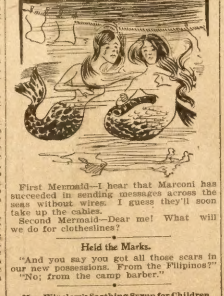
Barber—You are getting bald, sir.

The Victim (rather sensitive)—Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell.


## EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment. Common sense remedy that never fails. Plain with valuable advice. Mme. L. V. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

## Other Sufferers.




First Mermaid—I hear that Marconi has succeeded in sending messages across the seas without wires. I guess they'll soon take up the cables.

Second Mermaid—Dear me! What will we do for clotheslines?

### Held the Marks.

"And you say you got all those scars in our new possessions. From the Filipinos?"

"No; from the camp barber."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

## ENTHUSIASTICALLY FIRED.

Mlle. Fewclothes—That new tenor hasn't much voice, but he seems to be fired with enthusiasm.
Senora la Cadonza—Wait until the manger hears him sing, and he will be.

### He Was Suspicious.

Growells—Say, I want you to get me a divorce right away.
Lawyer—On what grounds?
Growells—I think my wife is trying to break into the widow class.
Lawyer—Why do you think so?
Growells—Because she coaxed me to have my life insured last week and yesterday she bought a new cook book.

### The Last Voyage.

"What was that?" asked the Chicago man, as the boat suddenly stopped.
"Merely a slip of the oar," responded Charon.
"Oh, I thought we were stuck on a tunnel."

### Still Hope.

"Yes; when I proposed to that literary girl she used one of those editorial forms. Said a rejection did not necessarily imply a lack of merit,' etc."
"You seem hopeful."
"No wonder. The form concluded by saying: 'And although compelled to reject your present efforts would be pleased to hear from you again.'"

### In 1920.

"Where are you going, Bill?"
"I'm going over to the engine house and borrow a net. We just received a telephone message that a man fell off the top of the sky-scraper and we want to catch him when he gets down this far."

Employer—Any reference from your last place?
Applicant—Sure. I was dere five years, an' got six months off fer good behavior.

## ANY ONE CAN

### Prove the Value of Scientific Food.

A good straightforward test of food is worth much to humanity. The following is interesting:

Mr. T. K. Durborow, of Greenfield, O., says: "After 3 months' sickness with grip I found I had lost 42 pounds, with little appetite and almost no digestion. My wife finally put me on Grape-Nuts and I actually lived on this food, taking it three times a day, and a cup of Postum Cereal at each meal for about four weeks.

When I began I was so nervous and weak that my strength was exhausted even by dressing, and, of course, I was unable to do the work loaded upon my desk, but I hammered away without any tonics or medicines, only my diet of Grape-Nuts and Postum three times a day. I found at the end of 22 days my nervousness gone, strength greatly increased and that I had gained 16 pounds.

Finally, after getting back to good health again I, of course, took on different kinds of food, and, as a change, began using —— for breakfast. After a while some peculiar spells began to appear in the morning with deathly sickness and nervous lassitude. I took treatment for biliousness but that did not avail.

About a month ago I gave up the —— for breakfast and took on Grape-Nuts again. These morning attacks left me entirely in a day or two and I feel that I have had sufficient evidence of the scientific value of Grape-Nuts as a vitalizing, perfect food, that does not require the heavy work of the stomach occasioned by the use of starchy foods we use so much nowadays."

### The Latest.

Freddy de Freight—Say, Tim, yer seems to be gettin' money from every guy yer stops. What's de game, pard?
Tim de Ties—Oh, it is dead easy. I just tells dem dat in me prosperous days I done de government out of a big sum an' now I'm scrapin' together all I can to send to de conscience fund."

### A Sherlock in Skirts.

Mrs. A.—Why in the world do you leave that little puff of powder on your chin?
Mrs. Z.—For my husband to blow off, you know he is such an observing man.
Mrs. A.—Is there any reason why you should wish him to blow it off?
Mrs. Z.—Yes; I can detect his breath.

### Her Only Hope.

He—When we get better acquainted I shall call you by your first name.
She—All right. And I hope our acquaintance will reach the point where my friends can call me by your last name.

### Old Story.

"What are you doing out here in South Dakota? Not going to settle?"
"No; I settled before I came. Paid the divorce lawyer and prepared the first installment of alimony."

### Alas, Too True!

Sometimes a man acquires quite
A lot of aches and pains.
Because he is as long on tongue
As he is short on brains.

Aunt Towne—Firemen must be childish and skittish, Justin.
Uncle Justin Towne—How so?
Aunt T.—I jest heerd that constable firemen will play on the rains all night say that after the fire is under control the long.


## To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

**Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Entirely Without Pain—Sent Free.**

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, Box 787, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.


### Apprehensive.

"Please, sir, I wouldn't go out today if I were you," said the old landlady.
"Why not?" asked the surprised artist.
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# Storyettes.

### Assisting the Memory.

Grandma Hollis pushed her spectacles far down on her nose and looked over their tops with mild reproof.

"Now, Robert," she said, convincingly, to her grandson, "I don't like to hear you say you can't remember dates because it's an easy thing to do if only you set about it the right way. Now, when anybody asks me about the date of anything I just use my simple method, and it never fails; and I'm sure nobody could have a worse memory than I have, dear child."

"What's your method, grandma?" asked the boy, ready for any suggestion which might help him in his weaker spot.

"Why, it's like this," said Grandma Hollis, cheerfully. "There's the Declaration of Independence. I should never be sure of the year that occurred if it weren't for my method, but I think of your mother's marriage—that was in 1856. I remember that because the date is on the little ring your father gave me, and I look at it two or three times a day.

"Then I know she was twenty-one when she was married, because it was the same age that I was when I was married, so that carries her back to—twenty-one from eighty-nine leaves sixty-eight. And she was 8 years old at the time of the centennial in Philadelphia. I know that, because I got her a twisted wire figure eight pin at the exposition—and she lost it.

"Then you see, eight added to sixty-eight makes seventy-six. That's 1876. Of course there you have 1776, with no trouble at all, Robert!"

Grandma Hollis beamed with the joy of one who imparts rare wisdom, but Robert, although respectful, looked depressed.

### A Foxy Husband.

"It will only be necessary for you to drop but a teaspoonful of the mixture into his cup of coffee in the morning," the doctor said, "and the taste for tobacco will gradually depart from him. He may not cease the use of tobacco immediately, but within a week he will begin to abhor tobacco, if the medicine is given to him regularly every morning."

And so the young wife sent a dollar and got a bottle of the tobacco cure.

"Not very nice coffee this morning," he remarked, dryly, the first time she dropped the half-teaspoonful of the mixture into the cup.

"It's the same as we've been using for months," she replied, craftily.

Now, lo and behold! he was a pretty smooth proposition himself, and he had, without her knowledge, seen the bottle of mixture when it was delivered.

So after dinner that evening he produced a large bulky package of fine-cut tobacco from his pocket and took therefrom a plentiful chew of tobacco. It was the first chew of tobacco he had ever taken in her presence, and she marveled greatly thereat, but she determined to persist with the "treatment."

"Wretched co ee again this morning, isn't it?" he inquired at breakfast the next morning.

"I'm sure it tastes the same to me," she replied.

That evening after dinner he produced a short black clay pipe and a package of a new kind of tobacco that was as black as jet.

"Thought I'd bring this old pipe up from the office," he explained, cheerfully. "It's as good as a pet."

Whereupon he filled the house with aroma strong enough to sicken a Chinaman.

The next evening he brought home a box of cigars he had purchased at auction, and after he had smoked one of them after dinner all of the people in the neighboring flats stuffed cotton in the hall door keyholes.

That evening her resolution deserted her. After dinner, for the first time, to her knowledge, he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one, and began to smoke it.

She was upstairs, poured out the remaining portion of her dollar's worth of anti-tobacco mixture, and carefully hid the bottle.

"Coffee's all right this morning," said he at breakfast the next day.

"Yes," she said, absently.

When he had finished his dinner that evening he lighted one of his usual brand of good cigars.

"Men are mysteries to me," she thought, regarding him out of the corner of her eye.

"Women only think they're foxy," he thought, blowing smoke rings into space.

### Metaphysical.

"If a building is destroyed by fire is it

"Did you see where a Scientist says mice?" asked the giddy young female. "I of love and the current of affection."

"Yes," answered the confirmed bachel crossed when people get married."

that the principle of life is electrodynamic? I suppose that explains all about the spark or, 'and it explains why the wires are

the fire or the building that burns?"

"The fire, I suppose."

"What does the building do?"

"Well, it burns, of course."

"What does the fire burn?"

"It burns the building."

"Then if the fire burns the building how can the building be said to burn?"

"It burns down, doesn't it?"

"Often you say a moment ago that it was the fire that burned?"

"Yes."

"Then how can the fire and the building both burn?"

"Why, when a building is on fire——"

"How can a building be on fire? Isn't it always fire that's on a building?"

"That is not my meaning, of course."

"But isn't a fire sometimes in a building?"

"Yes; of course."

"Then, why did you say it was always on a building?"

"I thought that was what you said."

"On the contrary, I was trying to find out what you thought. Now, if it is the fire that burns the building can the building really be said to be doing anything?"

"No-o, I suppose not."

"Then the building doesn't really burn, does it?"

"No."

"It simply can't be doing anything, can it?"

"I suppose not."

"Then if the building doesn't burn, of course, it can't be because it can't burn, is it not?"

"Yes; that seems reasonable."

"But if a building doesn't burn and can't burn, how can it be destroyed by fire?"

"I—I don't know. That makes my head ache."


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# THE CHARM OF LINDA.

BY BASIL MARNAN.

I.

When Patrick Holan and his wife, Peggy, took out a big clearing location in Gippsland, Victoria, they imagined for many years that they were undisputably masters of themselves and their property. With the arrival of Linda, however, this innocent belief began to be subjected to wavering doubts, and by the time that queenly mite had passed the fourth anniversary of her birthday, Patrick and Peggy came to the absolute conviction that they were the victims of a tyranny, and that the real sceptre was wielded by the baby hands of Linda.

She was a fair-haired child, with long, harvest-gold locks that floated round her shoulders, and nestled about her delicate veined pearly temples, and strayed lovingly over pink cheek, clear brow, as if to tease the curling, silken, velvety fringe that shielded her eyes. Angel eyes they were—wide, blue, fearless, with the instant flash of trust, the divine gaze of innocence and laughter. Linda, at three years old, was Patrick's life, the sanctification of his improvident marriage. He had been a first class man at Trinity, Dublin, and had had great expectations of doing well at the English bar, his father being rich and wealthy moreover. But then he had married penniless Peggy Moriarty, the daughter of a small tenant farmer, with nothing on earth winsome, lovely face, her lilting brogue, and her tender heart to have recommend her, Judge Holan had been furious.

"You have disgraced your family, sir," he had said, almost in the dock at the judgment into brogue. "And the only decent thing you can do is to marry your money and pay you five thousand pounds into the City bank at Melbourne, and when you get there you can go to Hell for me."

So Patrick went—not to the deuce, but to Melbourne, though not before he married to Peggy, he thought at first it was very much an equation in terms.

With that illusory energy which everywhere distinguishes the Hibernian outside the cyclonous vortex of his native isle, he had struck straight for the heart of Gippsland. It was cheaper, and, he had thought, wiser to begin big clearing location, and stock by degrees, than to start on mortgage and high interest. The first work braced him, and at the end of four years he lorded it over two hundred head of cattle, half as many sheep, innumerable pigs, and some five hundred acres of paddock, orchard and crop. Then there was then but a village, the Victoria lakes on his right were as yet unknown and wild, while his nearest neighbor lay four days, trek through the blue haze of stately gums and wattles. Though the homestead is not an imposing structure, he was very fond of it. As commodious as it seemed it was, in fact, flanked by a dairy that was the pride of Peggy's heart.

The bright afternoon in June, Linda, sitting on the veranda that ran round the dairy, was busily engaged in her customary antics (as they seemed to her) of two men who came riding apparently towards the house. Presently with a shrieking gurgle, she called to her mother to share the sport.

"Mudder, mudder, dere's two men dere here and look at these funny men playing hide-and-seek in the trees."

Peggy looked, her face through the door with a bright smile.

"Is dadda dere, darlint?" she asked.

"How silly you are, mudde," was the crushing reply. "If my fardle would play like that 'cept with me."

Mrs. Holand slipped out on to the verandah, and shading her eyes with hands bathed in fresh cream looked anxiously down the road. She was a pretty woman, with eyes of the true Irish gray, and a face almost ridiculously like her daughter's, at once, and then a mile away down the road she looked an expression of fear crept into her eyes, and for a moment the trembling of a mile away down the road two men were approaching on horseback. But in place of riding in the usual way, they were skirting in and out of the trees as if bent on eluding observation. The gentle mother of her husband had been telling her that he had heard that Jake Hardy's gang had been seen in the neighborhood, and she had plated largely on the terror that grim bushranger had been in the habit of striking at till pursuit of him had become so hot that he had found a change of quarting imperative. The sight of all that flashed into Peggy Holan's mind simultaneously with the recollection that the contents of the safe in the house some 300 pounds in cash, which he had provided for the purchase of cattle the following week.

It was impossible to recognize the strangers at that distance, but Peggy felt were strangers she knew at a glance. One thing quickly in her mind to distinguish friends by the mere set of a man in the saddle. And the manner of those approaching was not reassuring. There was much conscious of fear for herself as of anxiety for the safety of her child, and this emotion she seized Linda's hand and fled into the house. The money lay in neat little roulette in a drawer, ready to be transferred to Patrick's marketing belt. Gathering it up into her apron she crossed over again to the diary and let it drop, pocket by packet, into a large can of milk. She had hidden Linda—wait for her the while in the house, and now rejoining her, she unhooked a revolver from the wall and took up her stand with the child on the veranda. Her heart beat high at the two strangers, leaving the bush, galloped headlong for the house. Their identity needed no explanation. The pistols covering her as they dismounted were eloquent enough, and the hand with which she tried to point her own revolver was shaking in a way just as expressive.

"Don't you go 'urtin' yerself, marm, with that there plaything," remarked one of the bandits, facetiously.

He stretched out his hand for it, and Peggy, now half dead with fright, felt uncommonly relieved as his fingers took it from her.

"We thought," went on the man, with a wink to his comrade, "as you'd be lonely like with the old man away. So we've paid you a visit. You've no call to be frightened, if you do as you're told. Now for a start, best let's see the place where the guv'nor stows his cash."

Peggy turned as if about to fly. But the man, with an oath, was too quick for her. He seized her arm and swung her round. Then an unexpected diversion came, Linda, who had been gazing on the scene with wide blue eyes growing each moment more ominous, suddenly flung herself on the bandit, fighting at his leg with clenched fists and active teeth. After the first moment's thrill of pained surprise, Linda had a very pretty set of teeth, it would have been funny were it not for the sad and sudden interference of the second bandit.

"No, you don't, darn you," he said, snatching at the child over the furious clutch of his comrade. "We ain't 'ere to butcher babies or kill women out. Come inside and search. It won't take long to clear out this shanty."

Their first efforts proving fruitless, they turned their attention for a moment to the kitchen, where they made free of food and bottles tempted them to a diversion.

Meanwhile Peggy sat like one dazed on the veranda, her arms held and again in herself, "If only Pat would come!" When at last Linda had finished her dinner meal and sat whispering together and looking ever and again towards her, Linda suddenly flung her arms into her mother's and whispered:

"Do you feel fitened, mudde? I'll take care of you."

The two men advanced the child's cheeks flushed hotly. And she whispered again, "I'll go and tell fardle."

A light of hope flashed into Mrs. Holan's eyes, only to die down next minute.

"You could never find him," she whispered.

"Oh, yes, I can," the child answered, sturdily. "I know where he is, him, so I'll smell him out like Tick—see?"

Then, before her mother could say a word, she had glided off the veranda, skirted the house, and in a moment was lost to view in the bush.

II.

When Linda found herself under shelter of the trees she ran closing as fast as her little legs would carry her in the direction she had that morning seen her father take. She knew the way—trailing along with three assistants somewhere quite a long way off, and had not the slightest doubt that if she went straight on as he had done till she was out of sight of the house she would find him easily. Yet when at last she ventured to look round, and found that he could not be seen, a sense of fear seldom awe came on her. The woods was so big and so still; the trees all seemed to be watching her, and the birds were whispering about her. The little brows puckered for a moment in perplexity, and the baby lips, all then so tightly, rebelliously clenched, took a downward curve that told of a great desire to cry. The disappointment was very real and so very bitter. Here she was quite out of sight of the house, in a place where her father had disappeared that morning; yet he was nowhere to be seen, nor was there a person faiteringly. Gradually her steps grew slower and slower, her little head drooped, and her feet came to a halt. Then a bright look flashed into her eyes, and her voice rang through the bush: "Fardie! Fardie!" and again, "Fardie!"

But as the echoes died away, and the silence seemed to brood more heavily, a sense of terror seized her, and she sank on to the ground. The great gum trees towered above her, making her feel little and lonely. Between the mighty trunks she could see nothing save the thick undergrowth. She crept up and up and seemed to be full of eyes, she felt that she wanted her mother dreadfully, but was too frightened to move. Memory that her mother was wanting her father and that was why she crept on to her knees, and, solemnly clasping her hands, looked up into a tiny pool of blue sky.

"Dear guardy angel," she said, in full trust, "if you're not very sleepy or weary busy, just watch my prayer above me to way my fardle's gone."

At that instant, and, to her child-mind as in direct answer to her prayer, a great bive butterfly with golden stripes on its ings settled on the shade and went ssaging through the shadow and sun-hts in front of her. With a delighted scream the child jumped to her feet and fled in hot pursuit after it. Not for a second did she doubt that it was a "guardy angel" itself. Had not her father told her only last night that just such a butterfly had whispered to him while he was at work all that his little girl had been doing? And here, she thought, was that same dear butterfly going to tell her father now. Once or twice, indeed, she thought it did not seem to know its way very well, for sometimes it almost turned back. Yet she followed it in perfect trust,

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## The Charm of Linda.

(Continued.)

getting deeper and deeper into the bush, farther and farther from all signs of a track. For an hour or more she toiled bravely on, till suddenly her errant guide soared lazily aloft into the branches of a giant wattle and settled himself comfortably for a snooze.

At the same moment the sound of voices reached her ears, and with a shrill cry of joy and gratitude she dashed down a little slope, turned a bank of shrubs, and was standing breathless in the middle of four or five men.

Her advent seemed to startle them, for they one and all sprang to their feet, grasping at guns and revolvers. Linda eyed them in solemn scrutiny.

"Where's fardle?" she asked, briskly, advancing a step.

"Blow me, if it ain't Hoian's kid," muttered one of the men. "I seed her yesterday when I was taking the lay of the land."

"Go out and stout, Jem," ordered the man addressed, "and see if she's alone or followed."

Then turning to the child, he regarded her curiously.

"Have you lost your father, little un?" he asked, not unkindly.

Linda gravely nodded, trusting him to that searching child-sense she while which even the best of men may find disconcerting.

"If the boys don't haul it off all right," said one of the men, "I guess she'll do for ransom, eh, Cap?" a slice of luck, I call it."

The man addressed as "captain" was silent, brooding by watching the child through half closed lids. He was a tall, brand-shouldered man, with an expression rather sullen and three up their hands. When they were safely trussed, Mrs. Holan, between laughter and tears, asked for Linda, never dreaming that her husband's timely arrival had been due to any cause but the child's encounter with him.

When Patrick learned that his darling had gone off alone into the bush to find him his face blanched and he gave a cry like a look of reproach that reduced her to terrified sobs.

"Sure, darling!" she said, chokingly, "it wasn't my fault at all, at all. She just slipped off before I could stop her, and then I didn't dare, for fear those demons would be murthering her."

Patrick wasted no time in arguing. Telling off one of the men to act as guard, he scrunched with the others, and next moment was galloping furiously through the woods in the direction Linda had taken. Night fell, and still he had not returned. Mrs. Holan, in an anguish of anxiety and fear, gazed the yersters up and fro like a wild thing. She never knew till then how dear the child was to her—how great was the with terror as she thought of her alone and lost in that vast bush. Suddenly the sounds of a horse's hoofs reached her ears, the straining ears. She flew rather than ran to the door. The moon was just creeping up, and the light shone wanly through the trees. It was sufficient, however, to outline in a burly form of a bearded man, who, swinging himself gently from his horse was approaching her on foot and bearing in his arms a bundle wrapped in a coat. When Peggy got near him her limbs failed her and her heart seemed suddenly to stop beating. "Was it Linda?" she thought. "Had anything happened to her?" The man's words reassured her, however.

"Don't be for waking of her, missus," he said, in a whisper. With a stifled cry the mother sprang forward, stretching out her arms. After a momentary pause, and with

"Don't you go to hurtin' yourself, marm."

than savage, and with a great golden beard that hid half his face. But his eyes were not the eyes of a wicked man. At last, so Linda thought, for she suddenly walked up to him and put out her hand, beaming on him with a smile utterly unsuspicious.

The captain's grim features relaxed into a sheepish grin as his great hairy hand closed over the tiny, five fingers. Next minute the girl had climbed on to his knee and was pouring out her tale. The bandits gathered round, spellbound. It seemed to them the "rummiest" thing they had ever dreamed of, to hear this lost mite telling their captain that her mother was held up by two of his own men. And the while they cast at each other were strangely furtive and ashamed when Linda, jumping down, seized her new friend's hand and cried: "And you must come at once, at once, to help my muddie."

"Don't you worry, little 'un," said the captain, as he again lifted her on to his knee. "Your dad's home by now, and your mamma's quite safe. I saw 'em pass not far from here a while back. And as for 'guardy angel' mum he told him after all. You bide here awhile till I get my horse round, and I'll see as we get back to your mammie."

The child, with one glance into his face, settled comfortably into his arms. In two minutes her head drooped, the sturdy, tired limbs relaxed, the long lashes gracefully closed, and she was sleeping on the breast of Jake Hardy. One by one the bandits stole out of the room, leaving the bushranger alone with the sleeping child.

III.

Meanwhile, within half an hour of Linda's departure, Patrick Holan with three armed men had dashed up to his homestead. He had struck the spoor of the gang that morning, and, alarmed for the safety of his household, had returned immediately. The two bandits had no time either to escape or resist. Covered by four barrels, they deemed discretion the road to safety, a movement strangely reluctant, the man transferred his precious freight.

Peggy gave a great sigh of utter joy as she strained the sleeping form to her, and gazed into the flushed, unconscious, happy face.

"Come inside," she whispered. "Nay, you shall," she added, seeing the man hesitate. She seized his hand, and drew him gently after her. He followed unresisting, but it did not escape her attention that as he entered he shifted his belt so that the revolver butts rested readily to his grip.

Once inside they forced him into a chair, and poured out a flood of eager, excited questions. Where had he found her? Who was he? And so forth, till the man, suddenly rising, stayed her with his hand.

"Look 'ere, missus," he said, "I ain't good for wasting about the bushes—leastways, not with words. My name's Jake Hardy, and when was my wife's birthday, I ask you this afternoon; though, as they ain't back to camp, I guess there's a chance your old man found them. Anyhow, I'll be round our trail this evening lookin' for 'er daddie. The boys are right bold to 'er for ransom. Wal, I thought different." He paused and popped his face, gazing with a curious, hungry look at the child. Then he went on: "There was a time when I 'ad a kiddy like that, just about the same size. Then I got trunked for a thing as I never did, s'elp me, never did, and when I came out after fifteen months she was under the sod—kind of pined, you know, lookin' for 'er daddie, and neither mammie to eat, for 'er mammie was dead, too. Then I went crazed and took to the bush. That's my yarn, missus. And that's the reason I brought your little un back to you. It's men I'm again, and the cruel demons as make men brutes, not little, innercent angels. Good day, ma'am. You'll be safe again me and mine, this day you shall have 'em back the morning."

He feasted his eyes yearningly for a mo-

(Continued on page fourteen.)


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# EB NICKERSON'S SPOOK;

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CHAPTER XXVII.
FAMILIAR FRIENDS.

Such was the situation in Fortune Valley on the morning of the third of May. It had now been nearly six weeks since Barry More and Zeke Stebbins had set out from Saul More's, on that crisp early spring morning, to seek fortune "Away Over Beyond."

Had Nancy More's old shoe, cast after them as they departed, brought them good luck? They had found fortune, and perhaps they had forgotten the shoe as, for the time being, recent exciting events had driven from their minds all reminiscences of their brief stop at the humble hostelry of Uncle Silk and Aunt Amy Green, where the jovial Uncle "Merk'ry" was such a factor in the old folks' lives, their patronage of Billy Armington's minstrels and Zeke's expensive experience with the minstrel advance agent's wonderful card trick in the latter's room in Captain Brockett's hotel, and their inquisition by members of the horse committees at the little place where, later, Zeke had engaged the services of the Rev. Mr. Flint for the funeral of Hank Peters, hanged horsethief.

The simple affection and gratitude of old man Harbicon and his wife and the unobtrusive yet eloquent grief of Harbicon's daughter Sue, widow of Peetes, and the details of that pathetic burial on the hillside, stood out more distinctly in their memories because those things were more directly connected with their later experiences in Fortune Valley. Through all his work and worry and excitement Ezekiel Stebbins, bachelor, had never quite banished the picture of the fair, wavy, only, despairful face of Susan Peters, widow, and there was something in his memory of her that was to him sacred that had kept him from mentioning the young woman to Barry or from inquiring concerning her of the boy when the latter had gone with old Spot and old Bill back up the mountain to old man Harbicon's to get the wagon in which Zeke and Barry had taken the dismembered, mutilated and unrecognizable golden calf to market.

Zeke stopped at Harbicon's as he bore the message of Pride to the chief of the horse committee, Barry, as he tried to make himself think, that he might assure the old man that the water was safe, and he was glad to see that Sue was looking well and appeared quite cheerful.

"Fine lookin' woman that," he thought as he rode on. "How'd she do for the wife of an old king, I wonder? But, land, that ain't no old kings around these parts—yet I'd like to see that boy Barry More," he added, suddenly changing the subject. "He's purty near due back in the valley now. Gosh, there's a boy that's a fine-growed man with a given gallusey an' red-topped boots."

Had he not left the stage road at a certain point beyond Ambrose's settlement, he would have seen *Barry*, who was returning to Fortune Valley by this route in order to see his parents by the way and covering the ground by public conveyance.

His father and mother had heard his story more quietly than he had believed they would, and after his father had expressed his gratification in characteristic language his mother had said, in a way that recalled to him the fact that no joy is unalloyed.

"Well, I can see you've looked for high society, for of course our son's goin' to stick to his pa an' ma. We'll git out o' here, locate in some big city, buy a planer—gosh, I'll be the first circles but low sakes, Saul More, what kind of a figger you 're a-goin' to cut? You can't expect to go round our residential palace barfooted an' you'll have to cultivate a habit o' smokin' out behind the mansion when you want to chaw terbacker—n', by gosh, I won't have ye shavin' yourself in my saloon—I'm a goin' to have a saloon, can't I, Barry? We 're turnin' my parlor here into a smoke-house 'n' a carpet shop, though I'll be sorry to lose my elegant, artistic drawin'-room no such way. That's all, this time. I jest want you to git busy a-thinkin' for right thinkin'll be conducive to your future happiness. Now, Saul, I'm goin' to tell Barry that every shoat old Mike Harris gits into the barksides of her knee cramped up round the back of 'er neck, a tryin' to do one o' them circus distortion acts, while the cider was a-runnin' out o' the barrel into her pitcher, an' bein' unable to git to the spigpot an havin' to lay thar on the cellar floor an' suck all the cider run to waste an' finally havin to distort herself still worse to keep her head out of it an' preserve 'er life till her dad, Deacon Ellis Banta, come home from church an' put a stop to hersheryl doin's. Now, I'm an untwister. Up to date I've thought Barry was two young to hear that story, but now he's one o' the rich nabobs o' the land I reckon he has a right to know about that occurrence back east. Say, Barry, I hope you 're goin' to Grange an' Pittsburg hain't got ye in no bad habits. Ye ain't got to drinkin' or doin' that, have ye, Barry? Say, I'm goin' to go through ye pockets, jest as I would ye pa's if he'd come home from a trip to them big cities, called on me. Let's see, here's a clean han'kerchief an' a dirty one, some letters "a" papers with no gai business in 'em as I see, a blue passbook with figures put down in it, a pocketbook with some greenbacks in it, ye have left that I give ye two year ago Christmas an' a lot o' other little traps, an' here's a paper—good gracious alive, Saul, but I'm one o' them Kind o' fools that has the contineerd stories in. My son, oh, my son, can't one o' the rich men o' the kentry find nothin more substantial to occupy his mind with than this ere?"

"Why, easy," explained Barry, "Aunt Amy Green thinks its a great paper an' I thought maybe you'd like it too, just to pass away the time, is there any more to it about it, pa? You needn't have it if you don't want it—I'll give it to Aunt Amy on my way down. She'll think its a great thing for her to have two copies of it."

"Nothin' wrong, my son, only frivolin'—jest frivolin'. More solid literatoor is better suited to yer ma. Git me the New York Tribune—that's agitatin', the Banner o' Light—that's illustratin' an' one o' T. S. Arthur's books like Ten Nights in a Barroom—that's soothin'. That's a combination that just suits yer mother's intellectual needs. Speakin' o' the Banner, Barry, makes me think o' spooks in general an' that brings me round to one spook in particular—Eb Nickerson's ghost. I've seen it agin an' yer father's seen it too. He's kind o' set again it bein' in his own eyes, but he seen Nickerson's spook, when I did, an' it was skimmin' lile off'n the surface of a dirty pool jist after the ice had all melted away. Barry, I b'lieve that's ile hereabouts too, an' I'd like to know who that mysterious party is that, by sharp practice, got control of all the leases an' froze the rest of us out. I b'lieve I'd grab him by the neck an' make 'im do us justice."

Barry replied that he, too, had, as he could not doubt, seen Eb Nickerson's spook twice since he had left home, and gave Saul and Nancy details a recital of which the former received in silence, the latter with a volable expression of wonder; but he had no knowledge as to who had been the ultimate purchaser of the old oil lease covering land about Morgan Corners and Nickerson's ruined mill, which had once been considered valuable by the members of a local stock company in which Saul More had been a shareholder.

The stage took Barry up next morning and he "put up for feed and dinner" at Uncle Silk Green's waylaid tavern. Aunt Amy came out and, greeting no one, said snappishly to the stage driver:

"Say you, like Harden, I want my Merk'ry This is the day for it."

"Is this the day for that an' paper?" asked Harden as he began to tie the lines to the hame of one of his horses. "My land, Aunt Amy, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'll forget it. I'll morrow was the day. You'll git it next time."

There was a look of bitter disappointment on Aunt Amy's face as she heard. She have spared her sorrow into pleasure, by giving her the copy of the newspaper which she believed a paper that he had in his pocket, but, boy like, he withheld it to see what she would do. When Uncle Silk and Aunt Amy were hungry guests, Aunt Amy was nowhere to be found. The deserted wife and mother was then to be found that she had undressed and gone to bed.

"Amy!" he called, "git up an' git dinner!"

"No Merk'ry—no dinner," she grunted.

"But you're delaying the United States mail," argued Uncle Silk.

"The U. S. mail, female an' nuter 's nil one to me. No Merk'ry, no dinner in this house Barry More, you 're welcome to be surprised and delighted stage driver.

"Save yourself and us," said the boy.

But it was a little late when the stage got away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
SOME THINGS ARE EVENED UP.

Barry's arrival at the settlement where the Rev. Mr. Flint lived he had gone as far toward Fortune Valley as it was possible for him to go that night, and, after a visit to Mr. Flint to carry him the rest of the way in his buggy, and it was after midnight when he stole softly and slow arrived at Duty Pride's farmhouse; where it was arranged that Mr. Flint should stay overnight with Mr. Harbicon, as he, Mr. Pride, who greeted him warmly and made his good companion welcome, that her husband was at the mountain and would come away.

Thither Barry hurried as fast as his legs could carry him, and when two flights of stairs had given place to a rude but strong ladder and there were other evidences of progress in the direction of the mine, the pageant odor of the crude oil penetrated the boy's nostrils and he could hear above the slimy mass of stuff in the reservoir and to the fact that oil was flowing down the conduit toward the tank in unusual quantity.

Repressing a desire to whistle because of the confidence that he had that he had not made such good progress, Barry began to descend the ladder. When he had gone down far enough to see that the men at the mouth of the mound, he saw Duty Pride lying asleep at one side of the mouth, a dozen feet, churning sound of the spouting oil and water drowned all other sounds in the mound and the slight noise made by the boy's descent on the ladder did not awaken the old engineer.

"Poor man!" whispered Barry. "Likely he has worked himself to death almost and needs sleep badly. I'll not arouse him. I can keep watch in his stead as well, and I'll have a chance to watch except the greasy, black water, spurting up out o' the ground? Now the stuff's comin' right along, its lucky we're goin' to have the tugs and tank-barges here to git it away with."

The boy retired to a dark recess back of some boards that had been set on end, near where the gushing stream fell, and sat down to rest, to wait and to keep an eye on things in the meantime, if he could.

He fell into deep thought, from which he started, half an hour later, conscious that there was a third and stranger presence in the the mound. Half starting up, he beheld a figure, gaunt and ghastly, with big blazing eyes, that crept nearer and nearer to Duty Pride, clutching a revolver in one of its thin and bony hands.

"Eb Nickerson's spook!"

Barry breathed the words, half in awe, but he was a brave lad and full of resource, and, sooner than the act can be narrated here, he had leaped upon the apparition.

The reservoir fell to the concrete floor of the mound and the figure collapsed and went down in a heap, and the boy came falling across Duty Pride's face and awakening him.

Pride sprang to his feet in surprise and bent over the prostrate figure, which Barry held as easily as he might have held that of a babe. It seemed not to occur to that it made no resistance and he wondered vaguely if all spirits were so easily overcome and held prisoners.

"It was goin' to shoot you, Mr. Pride," said the boy calmly, "its Eb Nickerson's spook."

"Spook! Spook! There's no such thing as a spook," declared Pride.

"Yes, its Nickerson's ghost. I saw it in here once before," the boy maintained.

"No, its that man Dick Fox that wanted to

(Continued on page fourteen.)


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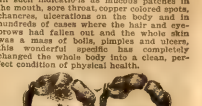

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# BIG DAN'S FEAT.

BY RODNEY H. BRANDON.

Dan was a big, jolly Nova Scotian, with a heavy voice and a homely face. He was well liked from the day he joined the gang. The men called him "Big Dan" because he was six feet two inches in height and weighed more than two hundred pounds—nearly all muscle and bone.

Dan was a man of little education, and was a slow thinker, but his energy and faithfulness were unmatched, and the instinct of "common sense" was strong in him.

His working partner, Hubble, was much like Dan in physique, but very different in everything else. He had graduated from one of the larger western universities the year before, with a fine football record and a good, passing grade in mechanics. Ambitious to learn the business thoroughly, he had started at the bottom to work his way up.

In November John Johnson's gang, in which these men were working, was engaged in raising a forty-wire line over a new coal shed. The setting of the new and higher poles was quickly accomplished, and Johnson turned his attention to getting the wires up the additional height without crossing or breaking them.

Johnson's knowledge and experience were too limited for the position of responsibility which he was holding. He evolved the idea that, if the poles on each side were of extra height, on account of the building, the cross-arms could be raised the additional distance—nearly twenty feet—by sliding them up

"Dan, can you hold me?"

the new poles without "cutting slack" into the wires.

This operation was made particularly difficult by the fact that the position of the wires below made the handling of blocks and tackle of much size almost impossible. It was Johnson's opinion that two men could carry the arms up the poles by main strength, climbing as best they could under their weight.

Dan openly scouted the idea, and Hubble shook his head over it, but Johnson was firm. He looked over the little group of men and asked for volunteers. No one moved.

Probably it was the off-time pride of the college man asserting itself; it might have been a sense of duty; at any rate, Hubble put on his spurs at the second call and walked to one of the poles. He stuck his tools into his belt and began climbing, jamming his spurs into the soft pine with shocks that made the insulators rattle. Dan followed him. Big Dan, still in doubt, was looking sidewise at the pole.

In three minutes Hubble had the arm unbolted and ready to be raised. He looked down with a smile at the group of men below.

"Coming Dan?" he said.

Dan put on his spurs in silence and went up the pole.

Johnson could not have selected two men better fitted for the task than these two. Both were of almost the same height and weight, and were the most powerful men in the gang. They had been trained, however, in entirely different schools. Dan's was the strength which comes from a hard life in the lumber camps. Hubble was fresh from the football field.

They swung under the arm and went up with it, slowly. Progress at first did not require great effort, but as they increased the distance from the pole below, the slack in the neighboring sections of wire rapidly exhausted. Hubble called a halt when they were halfway up.

"Hold her a minute, Dan! This is no race!"

"Gettin' tired already?" asked Dan. "Expected better of you than that."

"I'm not tired yet. But hold your wind,"

answered Hubble; "you'll need it."

Again they started upward. The light breeze sang through the tightening wires in a steadily heightening key. The tree on the neighboring poles were twisting with the strain.

The pressure upon the spur-shanks was so great that they bent from the men's legs, and the straps seemed to wear into the bones of their knees. If any strap broke both men would fall.

Johnson, on the ground below, saw his mistake now, and called to the men to stop. But it was too late. While it was possible to get a good grip with the spurs on crescoted pine coming up a pole, it is a different story when a man is going down with a heavy load.

At the first step downward the spurs would probably have cut out, and both men would have fallen. Falling from where they were then would mean death, for they were working directly above the top of the old pole.

Dan looked across at Hubble.

"Can ye stand it the rest of the way up?" he parried, anxiously.

"Yes," was the answer, the same old, unflinching desire to reach the goal asserting itself.

Again they advanced. Only two feet remained, but they were much the most difficult and most dangerous of the entire distance. The blackened pine wood curled from beneath the irons' spurs; the strain was telling there. At each step the spurs slid gradually down the pole, and fresh grips must be taken every instant.

Then Hubble's knowledge of the value of organized effort came to his aid. Hitherto they had been taking the arm up one end at a time.

"Let's pull together, Dan. Ready, pull! Ready, pull!"

At each of these mad efforts eight or ten inches were gained, so that the arm was practically in place; but the most difficult task still remained. Although the bolt was already placed in the pole, it must be driven through the hole in the cross-arm. One of the two men must hold his end of the arm with one hand while striking Hubble volunteered again.

"Clinch your left arm over the cross-arm," he said. "Support it on your shoulder as much as you can, and hold on to the pole hand around the pole while I strike."

Dan did so. Hubble lifted the hand-ax from his belt, and leaned in close to sight the bolt.

"About two inches farther up. Ready, pull! Too far! Let it down! Easy. Now it's in the notch; hold it there!"

With that he swung at the bolt-head with all his might, supporting his end of the cross-arm with his left shoulder, and relying upon Dan to keep him on the pole.

The ax fell true. The bolt shot through the arm, and their hard task was over. But in swinging the boys Hubble had involuntarily followed it with his weight, and his two hundred pounds were thrown suddenly upon a single spur. The strain was too great, and in an instant it had cut out of the wood, and he fell.

The whole thing occurred in a second or less. Before the bolt was driven through the arm its spur was out, and Big Dan still grasped his left hand. When Hubble fell he swung clear of the pole and toward the pole behind, on which his spurs cut out also. Dan now found himself hanging to his left arm by Hubble's left, bolted cross-arm, kept horizontal only by its square notch in the pole and its unbolted braces. He was twenty feet above the old pole with its rough, jagged top and its network of insulators, pins and wires and a two-hundred-pound man was hanging to his right hand.

The sudden swing unnerved Hubble completely, and he glanced up at Dan, his face blanched with fear.

"Dan, can you hold me?" he cried.

Dan did not answer. The same question had occurred to him, and he was debating it as fast as his naturally slow brain would allow. The brain situation demanded quick thought, for Dan was well-nigh exhausted by his severe exertion.

He looked down, first at Hubble, hanging there pale and motionless, and then at the top of the pole directly below him. Then he began swinging Hubble slowly back and forth toward the pole from which he had fallen. The men below saw the agony this effort brought him, for the rocking came upon his elbow, and the sharp-cornered cross-arm tore it cruelly. Wider and wider became the swing of this human pendulum, every effort increasing the man above.

Dan's face was now upturned, and the men on the ground could not see the agony expressed there. Johnson, fearful of the injury which might reach the men by reason of his folly, was trying to get some spurs adjusted to come to their help. The whole event, however, occurred in so short a space that it was over by the time he reached the first arm of the lower pole.

Dan had swung Hubble so far that the latter touched the pole with his feet. One more effort, and he caught with his knees, set his spurs in at, instant, and held. Dan felt himself relieved of the weight, and knew that Hubble was safe; then he swung back without his load, his strength left him at the same instant and he dropped.

The impetus of the backward swing threw him clear of the pole below, but he struck the topmost arm with his right hip. Johnson, who had just arrived at that point, reached him in an instant and balanced him over the wires until the men could lower him with tackle.

The found his right leg broken at the hip, and his left arm so lacerated that the bone was visible through the torn muscles. It was six months—long, weary ones to an active man—before Dan went up a pole again.

The accident cost Johnson his place, and was the means of getting Dan the subforemanship.—Youth's Companion.

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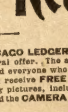

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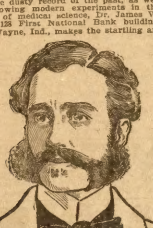

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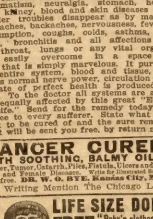

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## Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued from page twelve.)

lease land round here and was taken down with fever. Did you say he was getting ready to shoot me, Barry?"

"Yes, see that revolver there? He had it timed at you an' was ready to pull rigger. I grabbed him in time."

"He must be crazy with fever. I don't believe he's conscious," said Price. "He must have had designs on this oil well."

"I am conscious. I had designs on this well. I am beaten and I am dying. I am not Eb Nickerson's spook, though I have been so called by more than one. I am Dick Price, sent for a so-called patent medicine. I am Arthur Harbison, brother of Hugh Harbison, who lives up on the mountain. I long ago made the name of Eb Nickerson. To work a life insurance swindle, I made it appear that I had been murdered and my body of my twin brother Horace, who looked much like me and who died of disease at Findlay, Harbison passed as my own. The life insurance scheme was a failure and netted me nothing, for the reason that I had obtained a policy in a wild-cat company that became insolvent. As Dick Fox, through accomplices, I fraudulently came into possession of most of the stock of an oil company organized to lease and operate oil lands near the old Nickerson farm, at Morgan's Corners. All the papers in that business, with others, are hidden in a secret place in the wall of my upper room in Hugh Harbison's house on the mountain. My brother knows they are in his house, but don't know just where. I have played my last card--the last in an eventful life-game--here in this valley, and have lost. The fever that gave me my chance to come here and attempt a murder, has nearly eaten me up and I am dying. I want justice done to those whom I have wronged and after that some money and property will be left and I want my brother Hugh to have it. How did I find my way to the inside of this mound? I discovered the passage from the river, while looking for oil, and on my way in through the gloom and ooze, without even a match to light my way, I came into this mound just as the candle went out and got a glimpse of the boy. Some time after he had gone I found the tree and entered it to the outside world. I recognized oil signs then, and when I came back tonight, for the first time since, and saw what was happening to the boy, I was willing to shed blood to possess myself of this this property of fabulous value. But it is all over now--all over."

They ministered to the repentant rascal as well as they could, and, looking at him as he lay gasping and thinking of some things that have been related in this narrative, Barry understood how Eb Nickerson's spook had come into being and gained credence with those who had seen it. Just at daybreak, Arthur Harbison died.

Barry reported to Duty Pride that four tugboats, drawing heavy coal barges, were coming down the river from Pittsburg and would probably leave the Ohio and make up toward the storage basin within a day or two. Pride thought Barry would better go down to the mouth of the river and notify the boatmen to refrain from telling him that exciting events were looked for in the valley, and without a contest, which he made clear, would otherwise --the boy went.

Two mornings afterward, the drunken crowd in the room at the lower reservoir awoke to find itself half submerged in water and crude oil, the oil being in a depth of about one-third of the water.

Startled, frightened and partially sobered by their knowledge of this unforseen plight, the horsethieves swarmed out of their sleeping places, cursed and blasphemed and made motions to wade to dry land through the black and slimy flood in which they were. In the midst of the confusion, Barry shoreward through the sticky mass and others were getting out of the submerged room, all of the number who were either very ignorant or very careless, perhaps both, dropped a lighted match down the stove pipe. The result on all of them were in a veritable lake of fire, and they perished miserably. The fire swept the conduit until it was extinguished by an oncoming flow of comparatively pure water.

A band of horsethieves, the horse committee--that had ridden down the valley, caused consternation at the sight they saw, and, believing that

### Fish in Deep Water.

Hart has made the remarkable dis- that away out in the open sea, where veral thousands of meters in depth, he ish as it were in layers or ocean strata. required a line as long as the monu- to reach down to them; others were in wer depths which would submerge St. and the monument on top, and with any thousand feet of water below them. here, in these still and dark and hitherto posed barren regions of the sea, he caught eat cod and haddock and coalfish, some- ses in quantities.

ne importance of this discovery is that roves that not only fish bread, but mature sh also exist out in the ocean, and that what ve been looked upon as typical "ground and "local" sorts are to be found at other places as well as near the coasts. Not of least significance is the finding of cod in the deep places of the sea, as in this discov- ery we have the key to solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he withdraws from the coasts. In the great cod fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland the fishermen find the fish at the commencement of the season in April in the shallow water near the shore and use lines of thirty or forty feet, increas- ing the depth as they find the fish receding, until they have to fish at over two hundred feet for them in December.

### Bees as Messengers.

From Russia comes a suggestion to the ef- fect that honey bees should be tried as mili- tary messengers in place of homing pigeons. It is urged that for such purposes they would be preferable to birds in more than one way, inasmuch as they could hardly be intercepted, and it would certainly be out of the question for the most skilful marksman to hit such a carrier. As for their size and small carrying power, a bee could transport a good deal in the shape of despatches, if the latter were transferred by micro-photography to a mi- nute piece of paper. This piece of paper might be fastened to the insect's back, and on the arrival of the little messenger at its des- tination the writing could easily be enlarged. The homing instinct of a bee is as strong as that of a pigeon, and its method of finding its way to a hive is the same as that whereby the bird gets back to its cote from a great distance.


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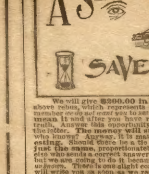


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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

## Boys as Inventors.

The man who built the iron bridge at Sunderland, John Ericsson, was a skilled engineer at the age of 12. He was then in charge of a section of one of the Swedish canals, and 600 men employed upon it looked to him for direction in their daily work. Young Ericsson was one of the very few infant prodigies who have not been failures when they grew up. At the age of 11 he invented a new form of sawmill.

Of the sawmill he constructed a working model. The saw blade he made of an old watch spring, moved by a crank constructed of a broken teaspoon, and his only tools were a knife, a file and a gimlet. It was this same wonderful inventor who later endrove a big ship across the Atlantic by a hot-air engine—a form of mechanism safe, sure and speedy, and only barred from practical use on the score of expense.

The name Brush is inseparably connected with the modern electric light, and Charles F. Brush, its inventor, is another genius who showed his inventive powers at an early age. Before he was 14 he had constructed a new form of electric motor, and had also invented an electric apparatus for turning on the gas in street lamps, lighting it and turning it off again. Next year he made a microscope, grinding the lens himself.

It is rather curious that Edison's first invention of any importance was caused by a longing to avoid tedious, monotonous work. When as a boy of 14, he was night telegraph clerk, it was his duty to report himself every half hour to his head office by telegraphing the word "six." This was to prove that he was not asleep. Edison, however, had no idea of sleeping, but preferred to take a little exercise in the open air at night. So he got over the difficulty by cutting suitable notches on a wheel and attaching this to the works of a train clock. This primitive apparatus would transmit the signal automatically twelve times at intervals of half an hour.

Edison's very first invention was at the tender age of 12. He erected a toy telegraph line, but could not manage to purchase materials for a battery. So he caught a big black cat and endeavored to obtain the necessary current by rubbing the fur of the creature's back and using the wretched animal's four feet as terminals.

All image up to near the end of the eighteenth century had solid wicks like pieces of cord and no chimneys. It was not until the year 1783 that a flat wick was made. A year later a Swiss chemist named Aime Argand invented a circular form of burner; but though a vast improvement on the rope-wick, the light was still flickering and uncertain. One day Argand's small brother wandered into his work room and picked up an empty oil flask, with which he began to play. At last he fitted it over the circular wick, by the light of which his elder brother was working. In a moment the flame burned up white and brilliant, and the secret of the lamp chimney was made clear.

Cast iron cement was a boy's invention, though the name of the boy who invented it is not known. One day William Murdoch, the man who first applied coal gas to illuminating purposes, went into a workshop of Boulton and Watt, in which he was employed, and began to hunt for a tool he wanted in his tool chest. He found everything in confusion and a workman told him he had seen one of the boys at it a few days before. Among other things some sal ammoniac had been spilt on a quantity of iron-filings, and the resulting mixture had bitten into the blade of his saw. This compound was the first cast iron cement.

To another youth of only 15 we owe the piano in its present form. Young Sebastian Erard was its inventor and maker. His master took the instrument to its purchaser and passed himself off as its maker. But when the buyer asked him about the mechanism he was completely puzzled, and had to send for young Erard to explain. Only a year later, at the age of 16, Erard started into business on his own account in Paris, and so popular were his instruments that within a year he had sold $125,000 worth of them.

## Blankets Used to Stop Bullets.

In the days of the old muskets the Indians often used wet blankets to stop the flight of bullets. This is hard for boys to believe, yet it is said that the Mexicans were once defeated by this very plan. Their general, wishing to put down a rising of the Yaquis. At first he was amused to see the Indians advance under cover of their blankets, held up like shields. Finding that their progress was not stopped by his men's fire, he was at last forced to retreat, but not till the Yaquis, in their turn, had poured into his ranks a terrible fire at close quarters. The Indians, it was thought, had found out by accident that a wet blanket, when held up clear of the ground—allowed to hang, so to speak, as on a clothes line—could not be pierced by a bullet. Dry blankets were useless, and, of course, wet blankets would also be useless against the rifles and bullets of the present day.

## Needs No Watch.

A boy who does not own a watch need not go without any knowledge of the time of day. There is a boy who works in a wheat elevator in an Iowa town and this is how he manages it. A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of the window creeps the sunlight early in the morning, and it shines in all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. On the floor, waere the edge of the shadow from the window sash falls just at noon, the boy has placed a long chalk mark, and a little further away there is another mark for 1 o'clock, and so on up to 8. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day, by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks, because the shadows change as the sun gets higher in the spring or lower in the fall.

## He Won't See Bills.

Visitor—Is your father at home?

Little Daughter—What is your name, please?

Visitor—Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill.

Little Daughter—Then he isn't in. I heard him tell mamma if any bills came he wasn't home.

## Tar on His Left.

Teacher—If you face the north, directly behind you will be south, on your right hand will be east, and on your left hand west. Seeing a lack of inattention on the part of Bobby, and wishing to catch him: "What is on your left hand, Bobby?"

Bobby (in deep confusion)—Please, it's some tar, an' it wont come off.

## Explained.

Mamma—Willie! What's the baby crying for?

Willie—Oh, he's ungrateful; that's what he is.

Mamma—Ungrateful!

Willie—Yes'h. I jest showed him how to eat his cake, and he don't 'preciate it.

## From Her View.

Kindergarten Teacher (trying to point out to children of the crowded districts the beauties of the rainbow)—Children, what have you ever seen in the sky that was all different colors?

Lizzie—The wash, ma'am.

## The King's Champion.

That the duties of the office of Keeper of Britain's Honor are not onerous is shown by the fact that they are only performed once in a sovereign's lifetime—during the banquet which immediately follows the coronation ceremony. As an example of how their appearance is viewed by onlookers, we will quote, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine, from the London Times of Friday, July 20, 1821. After describing the scenes of the banqueting hall in which George IV. sat amidst his nobles arrayed in their various robes of state (the crowned king carrying in his right hand the scepter, and in his left the orb), the article continues:

"The first course having been removed, the attention of all present was called to the bottom of the hall by a long and cheerful flourish of trumpets. The great gates were instantly thrown wide open, and the champion made his appearance under the Gothic archway mounted on his charger. Mr. Dymoke was accompanied on his right by the Duke of Wellington, and on the left by the Marquis of Anglesea; but his polished steel armor, his plumes and the trappings of his steed instantly showed the capacity in which he appeared. He was ushered within the limits of the hall by two trumpeters, with the arms of the champion on their banners, by the sergeant-trumpeter, and by two sergeants-at-arms with maces. An esquire in half-armor was on each side, the one bearing his lance, and the other his shield and target; the three horsemen were followed by grooms and pages. The first challenge was given at the entrance of the hall by the herald attending the champion.

"After pausing for a few seconds the champion drew off his gauntlet and threw it on the floor with a manly and martial air. As no one appeared to accept the challenge the herald took up the glove, returned it to the champion. The champion then advanced half-way up the hall, was again halted, and the trumpets having sounded, the challenge was read aloud by the gauntlet thrown down, and read by the challenger. At the foot of the throne the ceremony was repeated a third time, and should here remark that shouts of applause and vociferations of 'Long Live the King!' followed each recitation of the champion. His charger was consequently alarmed by the noise, but it seemed to complete command over him and during his actions within limits suited to the small space in which he could be permitted to act. The backing out of the champion, Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Anglesea was not very well managed, owing to the pressure of the crowd on the floor, which narrowed the avenue to the throne.

It is interesting to note, with reference to the backing out, that as the actors in this spectacle must keep their faces turned toward their sovereign, their horses must undergo a course of training for the occasion.

## Not a Common Farmer.

"What, my daughter marry you, a mere clod of a farmer? Young man, you are crazy!" remarked the choleric old squire with the Mark Hanna build.

We looked to see the young man in overalls wither up and disappear, but he smiled faintly, even haughtily, and in line a hundred of those changes he pensively remarked:

"Mr. Vanderfeller, I planted twenty to potatoes last spring, and the crop was a success."

"What!" cried the old man, surprise and remorse in his tones, "twenty acres of potatoes! And you a farmer! Why, an agriculturist, sir, and I'm proud to call you as a son-in-law."

## Getting at the Facts.

"You say," said the judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff in this case resorted to ingenious use of threatening language."

"That's what I said, your honor," replied the witness.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the judge.

"My exact meaning, your honor," replied the witness, "is that he lied."


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